ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

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SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN AT NEW PLACE.

SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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WITH ENGRAVINGS

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"Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more."
(i. 3. 194–197.)

BOCCACCIO.

INTRODUCTION

TO

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

All 's Well was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 230–254 in the division of *Comedies*. There can be little doubt, we think, that the play is a revision of the "Love Labours Wonne" included in Meres's often-quoted list (see our ed. of *M. N. D.* p. 9), as was first suggested by Farmer in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*. If so, it is probable that it was originally a companion play to *Love's Labour 's Lost*, and written about the same time, or not far from 1592. Knight, Ulrici, and some other critics

put the date earlier than 1590. The marks of early work are seen in the frequent rhymed passages (some of them in alternate rhymes), the sonnet letter in iii. 4. 4–17, the lyrical, non-dramatic form of certain portions, and some peculiar grammatical constructions.*

The date of the revision of the play was probably not earlier than 1601, and may have been a year or two later. Furnivall makes it 1601–2; Dowden (who, however, is doubtful whether any part of the play is of early origin), "about 1602;" Fleay and Stokes, 1604; Gervinus and Collier, 1605 or 1606.

The text presents many difficulties, on account of the peculiarities of the style and the corruptions of the folio. Verplanck remarks: "The language approaches in many places to the style of *Measure for Measure*, as if much of it had been written in that season of gloom which imparted to the poet's style something of the darkness that hung over his soul. In addition to these inherent difficulties, there are several indications of an imperfect revision, as if words and lines intended to be rejected had been left in the manuscript,

* See Stokes, *Chronol. Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, p. 110, or Fleay, *Manual*, p. 224. Most of these earlier passages—"boulders from the old strata imbedded in the later deposits," as Fleay calls them — will be easily recognized by the reader.

It may be added that, though Fleay sees earlier and later work in the play, he says, in his *Introd. to Shaks. Study*, p. 25 (he was doubtful on the point when he published the earlier *Manual*): "It is not, however, as shown by Mr. Brae, a later version of *Love's Labour 's Won*. The present title is alluded to in several places in the play itself, which are clearly part of the early work." Admitting this, we do not see that it settles the question. The play may have had a double title originally—*Love's Labour 's Won, or All 's Well*, etc.—like *Twelfth Night*, and some other of the plays (cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 10); or the present title may be a later one suggested by the occurrence of the proverb in the play.

Of the German critics, Gervinus and H. von Friesen are of opinion that the play is an early one recast. Tieck had long before noted evidences of two distinct styles of composition in it. On the other hand, Delius and Hertzberg deny that any such diversity of styles is to be recognized in any portion of it.

together with those written on the margin or interlined, for the purpose of being substituted for them. We have not the means afforded in several other plays where similar misprints have been found of correcting them by the collation of the old editions, as there is no other than that in the folio, which is less carefully printed than usual, not being even divided into scenes. From all these concurring causes there are many passages of obscure or doubtful meaning, some of which would perhaps remain so, even if we had them as the author left them; while others are probably darkened by typographical errors. Some of these difficulties have been perfectly cleared up, by the ingenuity or antiquarian industry of the later commentators; as to others, we must be content with explanations and conjectural corrections, which are only probable until something more satisfactory can be presented."

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The story of Helena and Bertram was taken by Shakespeare from Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566, Paynter having translated it from Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which was "the great storehouse of romantic and humorous narrative for the poets and dramatists of that and the succeeding age." * The characters of the Countess, Lafeu, Parolles, and the Clown are the poet's own.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."*†]

All 's Well that Ends Well is one of the most pleasing of our author's comedies. The interest is, however, more of a serious than of a comic nature. The character of Helena is

* For Shakespeare's variations from the original story, see the extract from Mrs. Jameson below.

† *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 202 fol.

one of great sweetness and delicacy. She is placed in circumstances of the most critical kind, and has to court her husband both as a virgin and a wife; yet the most scrupulous nicety of female modesty is not once violated. There is not one thought or action that ought to bring a blush into her cheeks, or that for a moment lessens her in our esteem. Perhaps the romantic attachment of a beautiful and virtuous girl to one placed above her hopes by the circumstances of birth and fortune was never so exquisitely expressed as in the reflections which she utters (i. 1. 73–92) when young Rousillon leaves his mother's house, under whose protection she has been brought up with him, to repair to the French king's court.

The interest excited by this beautiful picture of a fond and innocent heart is kept up afterwards by her resolution to follow him to France, the success of her experiment in restoring the King's health, her demanding Bertram in marriage as a recompense, his leaving her in disdain, her interview with him afterwards disguised as Diana, a young lady whom he importunes with his secret addresses, and their final reconciliation when the consequences of her stratagem and the proofs of her love are fully made known. The persevering gratitude of the French king to his benefactress, who cures him of a languishing distemper by a prescription hereditary in her family, the indulgent kindness of the Countess, whose pride of birth yields, almost without a struggle, to her affection for Helena, the honesty and uprightness of the good old lord Lafeu, make very interesting parts of the picture. The wilful stubbornness and youthful petulance of Bertram are also very admirably described. The comic part of the play turns on the folly, boasting, and cowardice of Parolles, a parasite and hanger-on of Bertram's, the detection of whose false pretensions to bravery and honour forms a very amusing episode. He is first found out by the old lord Lafeu, who says, "The soul of this man is his clothes;" and it is

proved afterwards that his heart is in his tongue, and that both are false and hollow. The adventure of "the bringing off of his drum" has become proverbial as a satire on all ridiculous and blustering undertakings which the person never means to perform; nor can any thing be more severe than what one of the bystanders remarks upon what Parolles says of himself—"Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?" Yet Parolles himself gives the best solution of the difficulty afterwards when he is thankful to escape with his life and the loss of character (iv. 3. 302 fol.); for so that he can live on, he is by no means squeamish about the loss of pretensions, to which he had sense enough to know he had no real claim, and which he had assumed only as a means to live.

[*From Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature."**]

All 's Well that Ends Well is the old story of a young maiden whose love looked much higher than her station. She obtains her lover in marriage from the hand of the King as a reward for curing him of a hopeless and lingering disease, by means of a hereditary arcanum of her father, who had been in his lifetime a celebrated physician. The young man despises her virtue and beauty, concludes the marriage only in appearance, and seeks in the dangers of war deliverance from a domestic happiness which wounds his pride. By faithful endurance and an innocent fraud, she fulfils the apparently impossible conditions on which the Count had promised to acknowledge her as his wife. Love appears here in humble guise: the wooing is on the woman's side; it is striving, unaided by a reciprocal inclination, to overcome the prejudices of birth. But as soon as Helena is united to the Count by a sacred bond, though by him considered an oppressive chain, her error becomes her virtue; she affects us

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 384 fol.

by her patient suffering. The moment in which she appears to most advantage is when she accuses herself as the persecutor of her inflexible husband, and, under the pretext of a pilgrimage to atone for her error, privately leaves the house of her mother-in-law. Johnson expresses a cordial aversion for Count Bertram, and regrets that he should be allowed to come off at last with no other punishment than a temporary shame, nay, even be rewarded with the unmerited possession of a virtuous wife. But has Shakspeare ever attempted to soften the impression made by his unfeeling pride and light-hearted perversity? He has but given him the good qualities of a soldier. And does not the poet paint the true way of the world, which never makes much of man's injustice to woman, if so-called family honour is preserved? Bertram's sole justification is, that by the exercise of arbitrary power the King thought proper to constrain him in a matter of such delicacy and private right as the choice of a wife. Besides, this story, as well as that of Grissel and many similar ones, is intended to prove that woman's truth and patience will at last triumph over man's abuse of his superior power, while other novels and *fabliaux* are, on the other hand, true satires on woman's inconsistency and cunning. In this piece old age is painted with rare favour: the plain honesty of the King, the good-natured impetuosity of old Lafeu, the maternal indulgence of the Countess to Helena's passion for her son, seem all as it were to vie with each other in endeavours to overcome the arrogance of the young Count. The style of the whole is more sententious than imaginative; the glowing colours of fancy could not with propriety have been employed on such a subject. In the passages where the humiliating rejection of the poor Helena is most painfully affecting, the cowardly Parolles steps in to the relief of the spectator. The mystification by which his pretended valour and his shameless slanders are unmasked must be ranked among the most comic scenes that ever were invented; they contain

matter enough for an excellent comedy, if Shakspeare were not always rich even to profusion. Falstaff has thrown Parolles into the shade, otherwise among the poet's comic characters he would have been still more famous.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."**]

Helena, as a woman, is more passionate than imaginative; and, as a character, she bears the same relation to Juliet that Isabel bears to Portia. There is equal unity of purpose and effect, with much less of the glow of imagery and the external colouring of poetry in the sentiments, language, and details. It is passion developed under its most profound and serious aspect; as in Isabella, we have the serious and the thoughtful, not the brilliant side of intellect. Both Helena and Isabel are distinguished by high mental powers, tinged with a melancholy sweetness; but in Isabella the serious and energetic part of the character is founded in religious principle, in Helena it is founded in deep passion.

There never was, perhaps, a more beautiful picture of a woman's love, cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment—not pining in thought—not passive and "desponding over its idol"—but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. The passion here reposes upon itself for all its interest; it derives nothing from art or ornament or circumstance; it has nothing of the picturesque charm or glowing romance of Juliet; nothing of the poetical splendour of Portia, or the vestal grandeur of Isabel. The situation of Helena is the most painful and degrading in which a woman can be placed. She is poor and lowly; she loves a man who is far her superior in rank, who repays her love with indifference, and rejects her hand with scorn. She marries him against his will; he leaves her with contumely on the day of their marriage, and makes his return to her arms depend on conditions ap-

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 154 fol.

parently impossible. All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded are shocking to our feelings and wounding to our delicacy, and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all; and Shakspeare, resting for all his effect on its internal resources and its genuine truth and sweetness, has not even availed himself of some extraneous advantages with which Helen is represented in the original story. She is the Giletta di Narbonna of Boccaccio. In the Italian tale, Giletta is the daughter of a celebrated physician attached to the court of Roussillon; she is represented as a rich heiress, who rejects many suitors of worth and rank, in consequence of her secret attachment to the young Bertram de Roussillon. She cures the King of France of a grievous distemper, by one of her father's prescriptions; and she asks and receives as her reward the young Count of Roussillon as her wedded husband. He forsakes her on their wedding-day, and she retires, by his order, to his territory of Roussillon. There she is received with honour, takes state upon her, in her husband's absence, as the "lady of the land," administers justice, and rules her lord's dominions so wisely and so well that she is universally loved and reverenced by his subjects. In the mean time, the Count, instead of rejoining her, flies to Tuscany, and the rest of the story is closely followed in the drama. The beauty, wisdom, and royal demeanour of Giletta are charmingly described, as well as her fervent love for Bertram. But Helena, in the play, derives no dignity or interest from place or circumstance, and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections.

She is, indeed, represented to us as one

> "Whose beauty did astonish the survey
> Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive,
> Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
> Humbly called mistress."

As her dignity is derived from mental power, without any

alloy of pride, so her humility has a peculiar grace. If she feels and repines over her lowly birth, it is merely as an obstacle which separates her from the man she loves. She is more sensible to his greatness than her own littleness; she is continually looking from herself up to him, not from him down to herself. She has been bred up under the same roof with him; she has adored him from infancy. Her love is not "th' infection taken in at the eyes," nor kindled by youthful romance; it appears to have taken root in her being, to have grown with her years, and to have gradually absorbed all her thoughts and faculties, until her fancy "carries no favour in it but Bertram's," and "there is no living, none, if Bertram be away."

It may be said that Bertram, arrogant, wayward, and heartless, does not justify this ardent and deep devotion. But Helena does not behold him with our eyes, but as he is "sanctified in her idolatrous fancy." Dr. Johnson says he cannot reconcile himself to a man who marries Helena like a coward, and leaves her like a profligate. This is much too severe; in the first place, there is no necessity that we *should* reconcile ourselves to him. In this consists a part of the wonderful beauty of the character of Helena—a part of its womanly truth, which Johnson, who accuses Bertram, and those who so plausibly defend him, did not understand. If it never happened in real life that a woman, richly endued with heaven's best gifts, loved with all her heart, and soul, and strength, a man unequal to or unworthy of her, and to whose faults herself alone was blind—I would give up the point; but if it be in nature, why should it not be in Shakspeare? We are not to look into Bertram's character for the spring and source of Helena's love for him, but into her own. She loves Bertram—because she loves him!—a woman's reason, but here, and sometimes elsewhere, all-sufficient.

And although Helena tells herself that she loves in vain, a

conviction stronger than reason tells her that she does not: her love is like a religion, pure, holy, and deep; the blessedness to which she has lifted her thoughts is forever before her; to despair would be a crime—it would be to cast herself away and die. The faith of her affection, combining with the natural energy of her character, believing all things possible, makes them so. It could say to the mountain of pride which stands between her and her hopes, "Be thou removed!" and it is removed. This is the solution of her behaviour in the marriage scene, where Bertram, with obvious reluctance and disdain, accepts her hand, which the King, his feudal lord and guardian, forces on him. Her maidenly feeling is at first shocked, and she shrinks back—

> "That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad:
> Let the rest go."

But shall she weakly relinquish the golden opportunity, and dash the cup from her lips at the moment it is presented? Shall she cast away the treasure for which she has ventured both life and honour, when it is just within her grasp? Shall she, after compromising her feminine delicacy by the public disclosure of her preference, be thrust back into shame, "to blush out the remainder of her life," and die a poor, lost, scorned thing? This would be very pretty and interesting and characteristic in Viola or Ophelia, but not at all consistent with that high determined spirit, that moral energy, with which Helena is portrayed. Pride is the only obstacle opposed to her. She is not despised and rejected as a woman, but as a poor physician's daughter; and this, to an understanding so clear, so strong, so just as Helena's, is not felt as an unpardonable insult. The mere pride of rank and birth is a prejudice of which she cannot comprehend the force, because her mind towers so immeasurably above it; and, compared to the infinite love which swells within her own bosom, it sinks into nothing. She cannot conceive that he to whom she has devoted her heart and truth, her soul, her life, her

service, must not one day love her in return; and, once her own beyond the reach of fate, that her cares, her caresses, her unwearied patient tenderness, will not at last "win her lord to look upon her"—

> . . . "For time will bring on summer,
> When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
> And be as sweet as sharp."

It is this fond faith which, hoping all things, enables her to endure all things; which hallows and dignifies the surrender of her woman's pride, making it a sacrifice on which virtue and love throw a mingled incense.

The scene in which the Countess extorts from Helen the confession of her love [i. 3] is perhaps the finest in the whole play, and brings out all the striking points of Helen's character, to which I have already alluded. We must not fail to remark that though the acknowledgment is wrung from her with an agony which seems to convulse her whole being, yet when once she has given it solemn utterance, she recovers her presence of mind, and asserts her native dignity. In her justification of her feelings and her conduct, there is neither sophistry nor self-deception nor presumption, but a noble simplicity, combined with the most impassioned earnestness; while the language naturally rises in its eloquent beauty, as the tide of feeling, now first let loose from the bursting heart, comes pouring forth in words. The whole scene is wonderfully beautiful.

This old Countess of Roussillon is a charming sketch. She is like one of Titian's old women, who still, amid their wrinkles, remind us of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young. She is a fine contrast to Lady Capulet—benign, cheerful, and affectionate; she has a benevolent enthusiasm, which neither age nor sorrow nor pride can wear away. Thus, when she is brought to believe that Helen nourishes a secret attachment for her son, she observes—

"Even so it was with me when I was young!
. . . This thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
When love's strong passion is impress'd in youth."

Her fond, maternal love for Helena, whom she has brought up, her pride in her good qualities, overpowering all her own prejudices of rank and birth, are most natural in such a mind; and her indignation against her son, however strongly expressed, never forgets the mother.

"What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive
Unless *her* prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.
. . . Which of them both
Is dearest to me—I have no skill in sense
To make distinction."

This is very skilfully, as well as delicately, conceived. In rejecting those poetical and accidental advantages which Giletta possesses in the original story, Shakspeare has substituted the beautiful character of the Countess; and he has contrived that, as the character of Helena should rest for its *internal* charm on the depth of her own affections, so it should depend for its *external* interest on the affection she inspires. The enthusiastic tenderness of the old Countess, the admiration and respect of the King, Lafeu, and all who are brought in connection with her, make amends for the humiliating neglect of Bertram, and cast round Helen that collateral light which Giletta in the story owes to other circumstances, striking indeed, and well imagined, but not (I think) so finely harmonizing with the character.

It is also very natural that Helen, with the intuitive discernment of a pure and upright mind, and the penetration of a quick-witted woman, should be the first to detect the falsehood and cowardice of the boaster Parolles, who imposes on every one else.

It has been remarked that there is less of poetical imagery in this play than in many of the others. A certain solidity in Helen's character takes place of the ideal power; and, with consistent truth of keeping, the same predominance of feeling over fancy, of the reflective over the imaginative faculty, is maintained through the whole dialogue. Yet the finest passages in the serious scenes are those appropriated to her; they are familiar ard celebrated as quotations, but, fully to understand their beauty and truth, they should be considered relatively to her character and situation: thus, when, in speaking of Bertram, she says "that he is one to whom she wishes well," the consciousness of the disproportion between her words and her feelings draws from her this beautiful and affecting observation, so just in itself, and so true to her situation, and to the sentiment which fills her whole heart:

> "'T is pity
> That wishing well had not a body in 't,
> Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
> Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
> Might with effects of them follow our friends,
> And show what we alone must think, which never
> Returns us thanks."

* * * * * * * *

Though I cannot go the length of those who have defended Bertram on almost every point, still I think the censure which Johnson has passed on the character is much too severe. Bertram is certainly not a pattern hero of romance, but full of faults such as we meet with every day in men of his age and class. He is a bold, ardent, self-willed youth, just dismissed into the world from domestic indulgence, with an excess of aristocratic and military pride, but not without some sense of true honour and generosity. I have lately read a defence of Bertram's character, written with much elegance and plausibility. "The young Count," says this critic, "comes before us possessed of a good heart, and of no mean capacity,

but with a haughtiness which threatens to dull the kinder passions, and to cloud the intellect. This is the inevitable consequence of an illustrious education. The glare of his birthright has dazzled his young faculties. Perhaps the first words he could distinguish were from the important nurse, giving elaborate directions about his lordship's pap. As soon as he could walk, a crowd of submissive vassals doffed their caps, and hailed his first appearance on his legs. His spelling-book had the arms of the family emblazoned on the cover. He had been accustomed to hear himself called the great, the mighty son of Roussillon, ever since he was a helpless child. A succession of complacent tutors would by no means destroy the illusion; and it is from their hands that Shakspeare receives him, while yet in his minority. An overweening pride of birth is Bertram's great foible. To cure him of this, Shakspeare sends him to the wars, that he may win fame for himself, and thus exchange a shadow for a reality. There the great dignity that his valour acquired for him places him on an equality with any one of his ancestors, and he is no longer beholden to them alone for the world's observance. Thus in his own person he discovers there is something better than mere hereditary honours; and his heart is prepared to acknowledge that the entire devotion of a Helen's love is of more worth than the court-bred smiles of a princess."*

It is not extraordinary that, in the first instance, his spirit should revolt at the idea of marrying his mother's "waiting gentlewoman," or that he should refuse her; yet when the king, his feudal lord, whose despotic authority was in this case legal and indisputable, threatens him with the extremity of his wrath and vengeance, that he should submit himself to a hard necessity was too consistent with the manners of the time to be called *cowardice*. Such forced marriages were not uncommon even in our own country, when the right of

* *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. iv.

wardship, now vested in the Lord Chancellor, was exercised with uncontrolled and often cruel despotism by the sovereign. . . .

Bertram's disgust at the tyranny which has made his freedom the payment of another's debt, which has united him to a woman whose merits are not towards him—whose secret love and long-enduring faith are yet unknown and untried—might well make his bride distasteful to him. He flies her on the very day of their marriage, most like a wilful, haughty, angry boy, but not like a profligate. On other points he is not so easily defended; and Shakspeare, we see, has not defended, but corrected him. The latter part of the play is more perplexing than pleasing. We do not, indeed, repine, with Dr. Johnson, that Bertram, after all his misdemeanours, is "dismissed to happiness;" but, notwithstanding the clever defence that has been made for him, he has our pardon rather than our sympathy: and for mine own part, I could find it easier to love Bertram as Helena does, than to excuse him; her love for him is his best excuse.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."**]

In *All 's Well that Ends Well*, a subject of extreme difficulty, when regarded on the ethical side, was treated by Shakspere with a full consciousness of its difficulty. A woman who seeks her husband, and gains him against his will; who afterwards by a fraud—a fraud however pious—defeats his intention of estranging her, and becomes the mother of his child; such a personage it would seem a sufficiently difficult task to render attractive or admirable. Yet Helena has been named by Coleridge "the loveliest of Shakspere's characters." Possibly Coleridge recognized in Helena the single quality which, if brought to bear upon himself by one to whom he yielded love and worship, would

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 85 fol. (by permission).

have given definiteness and energy to his somewhat vague and incoherent life. For sake of this one thing Shakspere was interested in the story, and so admirable did it seem to him that he could not choose but endeavour to make beautiful and noble the entire character and action of Helena. This one thing is the energy, the leap-up, the direct advance of the *will* of Helena, her prompt, unerroneous tendency towards the right and efficient *deed*. She does not display herself through her words; she does not, except on rarest occasions, allow her feelings to expand and deploy themselves; her entire force of character is concentrated in what she does. And therefore we see her quite as much indirectly, through the effect which she has produced upon other persons of the drama, as through self-confession or immediate presentation of her character.

A motto for the play may be found in the words uttered with pious astonishment by the clown, when his mistress bids him to begone, "That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done." Helena is the providence of the play; and there is "no hurt done," but rather healing—healing of the body of the French king, healing of the spirit of the man she loves. For Bertram, when the story begins, though endowed with beauty and bravery and the advantages (and disadvantages) of rank, is in character, in heart, in will, a crude, ungracious boy. Helena loves him, and sets him, in her love, above herself, the poor physician's daughter, out of her sphere:

> "'T were all one
> That I should love a bright, particular star
> And think to wed it, he is so above me."

She loves him thus, but (if love can be conceived as distinct from liking) she does not wholly like him. She admits to herself that in worship of Bertram there is a certain fatuousness—

> "Now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
> Must sanctify his reliques."

She sees from the first that the friend of his choice, the French captain, is "a notorious liar," "solely a coward," "a great way fool;" she trembles for what Bertram may learn at the court.

> "God send him well!
> The court 's a learning place; and he is one—
> *Parolles.* What one i' faith?
> *Helena.* That I wish well."

Yet she sees in Bertram a potential nobleness waiting to be evoked. And her will leaps forward to help him. Now she loves him — loves him with devotion which comes from a consciousness that she can confer much; and she will form him so that one day she shall like him also.

> "*Helena.* 'T is pity.
> *Parolles.* What 's pity?
> *Helena.* That wishing well had not a body in 't,
> Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
> Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
> Might with effects of them follow our friends,
> And show what we alone must think."

But the "wishing well" of such a woman as Helena has indeed a sensible and apprehensible body in it. With a sacred boldness she assumes a command over Bertram's fate and her own. She cannot believe in the piety of resignation or passiveness, in the religious duty of letting things drift; rather, she finds in the love which prompts her a true mandate from above, and a veritable providential power:

> "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
> Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
> Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
> What power is it that mounts my love so high?"

Helena goes forth, encouraged by her mistress, the mother of the man she seeks to win; goes forth to gain her husband, to allay her own need of service to him, to impose herself on Bertram as the blessing that he requires. All this Helena

does openly, with perfect courage. She does not conceal her love from the Countess; she does not for a moment dream of stealing after Bertram in man's attire. It is the most impulsively or the most delicately and exquisitely feminine of Shakspere's women whom he delights to disguise in the "garnish of a boy"—Julia, with her hair knit up "in twenty odd-conceited true-love knots;" Rosalind, the gallant curtle-axe upon her thigh; Viola, the sweet-voiced, in whom "all is semblative a woman's part;" Jessica, for whose transformation Cupid himself would blush; Portia, the wise young judge, so poignantly feminine in her gifts of intellect and heart; Imogen, who steps into the cavern's mouth with the advanced sword in a slender and trembling hand. In Helena there is so much solidity and strength of character that we feel she would be enfeebled by any male disguise which might complicate the impression produced by her plain womanhood. There could be no charm in presenting as a pretender to male courage one who was actually courageous as a man.

But throughout, while Helena is abundantly courageous, Shakspere intends that she shall at no moment appear unwomanly. In offering herself to Bertram, she first discloses her real feeling by words addressed to one of the young lords, from among whom it is granted her to choose a husband:

> "Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
> I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake."

Only with Bertram she would venture on the bold experiment of wronging him for his own sake. The experiment, indeed, does not at first seem to succeed. Helena is wedded to Bertram; she has laid her will without reserve in her husband's hands; she had desired to surrender all to him, for his good, and she has surrendered all. But Bertram does not find this providential superintendence of his affairs of the heart altogether to his taste; and in company with Parolles

he flies from his wife's presence to the Italian war. Upon reading the concise and cruel letter in which Bertram has declared the finality of his separation from her, Helena does not faint, nor does she break forth into bitter lamentation. "This is a dreadful sentence," "'T is bitter." Thus, pruning her words, Helena controls "the thoughts which swell and throng" over her, until they condense themselves into one strong purpose. She will leave her mother, leave her home; and when she is gone and forgotten, Bertram will return from hardship and danger. But she would fain see him; and if any thing can still be done, she will do that thing.

The mode by which Helena succeeds in accomplishing the conditions upon which Bertram has promised to acknowledge her as his wife seems indeed hardly to possess any moral force, any validity for the heart or the conscience. It can only be said, in explanation, that to Helena an infinite virtue and significance resides in a *deed*. Out of a word or out of a feeling she does not hope for measureless good to come; but out of a deed, what may not come? That Bertram should actually have received her as his wife, actually, though unwittingly; that he should indeed be father of the child she bears him—these are facts, accomplished things, which must work out some real advantage. And now Bertram has learned his need of self-distrust, perhaps has learned true modesty. His friend (who was all vain words apart from deeds) has been unmasked and pitilessly exposed. May not Bertram now be capable of estimating the worth of things and of persons more justly? Helena, in taking the place of Diana, in beguiling her husband into at least material virtue, is still "doing him wrong, for his own sake." The man is "at woman's command," and there is "no hurt done."

Even at the last, Bertram's attainment is but small; he is still no more than a potential piece of worthy manhood. We cannot suppose that Shakspere has represented hi n thus

without a purpose. Does not the poet wish us to feel that although much remains to be wrought in Bertram, his welfare is now assured? The courageous title of the play, *All 's Well that Ends Well*, is like an utterance of the heart of Helena, who has strength and endurance to attain the end, and who will measure things, not by the pains and trials of the way, not by the dubious and difficult means, but by that end, by the accomplished issue. We need not, therefore, concern ourselves any longer about Bertram; he is safe in the hands of Helena; she will fashion him as he should be fashioned. Bertram is at length delivered from the snares and delusions which beset his years of haughty ignorance and dulness of the heart; he is doubly won by Helena; therefore he cannot wander far, therefore he cannot finally be lost.

[*From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Introduction to the Play.**]

We have now left behind us Shakspere's bright, sweet time, and are at the entrance to his gloomy one.† Instead of coming with outstretched hand and welcoming smile of lip and eye to greet such plays as *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, even *Twelfth Night*, we turn with half-repugnance from *All 's Well*, and wish Shakspere had given the subject the go-by. Yet for its main feature—a woman forcing her love on an unwilling man—Shakspere has prepared us in his two last plays (as well as an earlier one), by Phœbe in *As You Like It*, by Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, endeavouring to force their loves on two supposed men, Rosalind‡ and Viola. But none the less is the reality distasteful to us, when the supposed man becomes a man indeed. Why then did Shakspere choose this story of Giglietta di Nerbona pursuing Beltramo, which he found in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, A.D. 1566, taken from Boccaccio's *Decamerone*? For the same reason,

* *The Leopold Shakspere* (London, 1877), p. lx. fol. (by permission).

† See Mr. Furnivall's classification of the plays, in our ed. of *A. Y. L.* p. 25.

‡ We must recollect too that Rosalind made the first advances to Orlando.

I conceive, that Chaucer took from the same Italian source —tho' through Petrarch's Latin version of it—the Clerk's story of Griselda, to show what woman's love, what wifely duty, would do and suffer for the man on whom they hung. The tale of woman's suffering, of woman's sacrifice for love, was no new tale to Shakspere. His Adriana of the *Errors*, Hermia and Helena of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Sylvia and Julia of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Juliet of *Romeo and Juliet*, Hotspur's widow of 2 *Henry IV.*, Hero of *Much Ado*, Rosalind of *As You Like It*, Viola of *Twelfth Night*, had brought home to him, as they have to us, the depth and height of women's love:

> "Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
> But always resolute in most extremes,"

willing to face rebuke, repulse, the unsexing of themselves, base service, exile, nay, the grave, so that thereby the loved one might be won or served. And when Shakspere saw Giglietta's story, he recognized in it the same true woman's love undergoing a more repulsive trial, that of unwomanliness, than he had yet put any of his heroines to; and he resolved that his countrymen should know through what apparent dirt pure love *would* pass, and *could*, unspotted and unsmirched. *Apparent* dirt, I say, because I can't see that what would be right, or justifiable, in a man when in love to secure his sweetheart or wife, can be wrong or unjustifiable in a woman. Equality in choice and proposal should be allowed, as Thackeray says. Another lesson Shakspere had, too, to teach to pride of birth in England; a lesson that, before him, his father Chaucer had taught in many a line, repeated none so oft (see his *Gentleness*, *Wife's Tale*, etc.), and a lesson not yet learned here; one that never will be learned, I fear:

> "Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
> From yon blue heavens above us bent,
> The grand old gardener and his wife
> Smile at the claims of long descent;

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

All 's Well is, I doubt not, *Love's Labours Won* recast. Both* have the name Dumaine in common, in both is the Labour of Love; that which is the growth of a life is won here, that which is the growth of a day being lost in the earlier play. Moreover, no intelligent person can read the play without being struck by the contrast of early and late work in it. The stiff formality of the rhymed talk between Helena and the king is due, not to etiquette, but to Shakspere's early time; so also the end of the play.

For the backward and forward reach of the play, as in the other Second-Period comedies, let us note that Helena in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, with her desire to force herself on Demetrius, is the prototype of Helena of *All 's Well*. We have the parallel expression in *All 's Well*, "the hind that would be mated by the lion must die for love;" in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, "the mild hind makes speed to catch the tiger." But note the wondrous difference in depth and beauty of character of the two Helenas, also the absence here of the youthful *Midsummer-Night's Dream* face-scratchings, long legs, and funny conceit of the moon tumbling through the earth. . . . *Romeo and Juliet*, in Lady Capulet's speech about Tybalt, iii. 5. 71, gives us the parallel of Lafeu's "moderate lamentation" and "excessive grief," i. 1. 48, and Diana Capulet's name. *The Merchant of Venice* gives us the ring parallel, and the contrast of Portia being chosen, and its happy result, with Helena's choosing, and its unhappy outcome for a time. Pistol in 2 *Henry IV.* and mainly *Henry V.* is the prototype of Parolles, who is but Pistol refined and developed, with a touch of Falstaff added, while Parolles's echoing of Lafeu (ii. 3) is clearly recollected from

* That is, *All 's Well* and *Love's Labours Lost.—Ed.*

Sir Andrew Aguecheek's echoing of Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night*. Parolles's proposal to give himself "some hurts, and say I got them in exploit" (iv. 1) is a remembrance of Falstaff's proposal and its carrying out in 1 *Henry IV.*, after Prince Hal and Poins have robbed the merry old rascal, etc. Also Parolles's exposure by his comrades is suggested by that of Falstaff by Prince Hal and Poins. 2 *Henry IV.* gives us, too, Falstaff's explanation of his abuse of Prince Hal to Doll Tearsheet, as the original of Parolles's excuse for his letter to Diana Capulet abusing Bertram.

As to the forward reach of the play, the link with the *Sonnets* is of the strongest. Think of Shakspere, the higher nature, but the lower in birth and position, during his separation from his Will, so handsome, high-born, hating marriage, misled by unworthy rivals, also selfish and sensual, and compare him with the poor, lowly-born Helena, richer and higher in noble qualities, longing for, dwelling in mind on, her handsome Bertram, high-born, hating marriage, misled by Parolles, selfish and sensual too. So far Shakspere and Helena are one, and Will is Bertram. *Hamlet* gives us, in Polonius's advice to Laertes, the development of the countess's counsel to Bertram, "love all, trust a few," etc. In *Measure for Measure*, the *All 's Well* substitution of the woman who ought to be a man's bed-mate for the one who ought not so to be, but whom he desired to have, is used again, with the very same precautions against discovery, not to stay too long or to speak, etc. The name Escalus used here is also that of the Governor in *Measure for Measure;* and for our Corambus here we get a Corambis in the first quarto of *Hamlet*. For the parallel to the sunshine and the hail in the king at once here we go to *Lear* for the sunshine and rain at once in Cordelia, whose smiles and tears were like a better day. For our clown's "flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire" we turn to the *Macbeth* porter's "primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." For our

"Time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp,"

we turn to *Cymbeline* with its

"Leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
Outsweeten'd not thy breath."

To Belarius in the same play we go for Touchstone's and the clown's contrast of court and country here, and for Imogen to match the despised, neglected Helena, willing to give up her native land and life for the husband who had so wronged her. Helena, though condemned by many women and some men, has yet had justice done her by Coleridge, who calls her Shakspere's "loveliest character"—and he wrote *Genevieve*—and Mrs. Jameson, who says, "There never was perhaps a more beautiful picture of a woman's love cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment, not desponding over its idol, but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith." She is the opposite of Hamlet, as she says:

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."

And she believes that great maxim so often forgotten even now—

"Whoever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love."

We can judge her best by the impression that she made on others; and if we compare the praises of her by Lafeu, the king, the clown, and the countess, who knew her from her childhood, and who at least five times sings her praise, we see that Bertram's words of her are justified: Helena is "she who all men praised." Quick as she is to see through Parolles, she cannot see through Bertram. Love blinds her eyes. How beautiful is her confession of her love for him to his mother,

and how pretty is old Lafeu's enthusiasm for her! Let those, too, who blame her, notice her drawing back for the time on Bertram's declaring he can't love her and won't try to (ii. 3. 144). Thenceforward she is passive in the king's hands. It is he for his honour's sake who bids Bertram take her; and after the young noble's seemingly willing consent, she must have been more than woman to refuse to marry the man whom she knew her love alone could lift from the mire in which he was willingly wallowing. They are wedded; and the foolish husband takes counsel of his fool and leaves his wife; and then, without the kiss she asks so prettily for, he sends her home. What she has thenceforth to do she tells us:

> "Like timorous thief most fain would steal
> What law does vouch mine own."

How little like a triumph, and possession of her love! Her husband's brutal letter does but bring into higher relief her noble unselfishness and love for him. Her only desire is to save him. She knows the urgence of his "important blood," and takes advantage of it to work a lawful meaning in a lawful act, and so without disgrace fulfils the condition that his baseness has made precedent to his reunion with her. For Bertram, the question one is obliged to ask is, How came the son of such a father and such a mother to be what he was? Seeing him even with Helena's eyes, what has he to recommend him but his good looks? What other good quality of him comes out in the play? Physical courage alone. Of moral courage he has none. Headstrong he is, a fool, unable to judge men, lustful, a liar, and a sneak. One thing he has to pride himself in, his noble birth, and that does not save him from being a very snob. He lies like Parolles himself, and even more basely, when he wants to get out of a scrape. I cannot doubt that it was one of Shakspere's objects in this play to show the utter worthlessness of pride of birth, as he had done in *Love's Labours Lost*

of wit, unless beneath the noble name was a noble soul. As Berowne had to be emptied of the worthless wit he prided himself upon, so had Bertram of his silly aristocraticness, his all, before he could be filled with the love of the lower-born lady of God's own make, which should lift him to his true height. With a word for the countess who, as Mrs. Jameson says, "is like one of Titian's old ladies, reminding us still amid their wrinkles of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young;" with a kindly glance at the shrewd, warm-heartèd, true, and generous old Lafeu, we take our leave of the last play of Shakspere's delightful Second Period, whose sunshine has gradually clouded to prepare us for the coming storm.

PARIS.

480533

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old lord.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
Steward, Clown, A Page, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, MARIANA, } neighbours and friends to the Widow.
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*

INTERIOR OF PALACE IN ROUSILLON.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

Countess. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Bertram. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Lafeu. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you,

sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Countess. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Lafeu. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Countess. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had!' how sad a passage 't is!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Lafeu. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Countess. He was famous sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.

Lafeu. He was excellent indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Bertram. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Lafeu. A fistula, my lord.

Bertram. I heard not of it before.

Lafeu. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Countess. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises. Her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Lafeu. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Countess. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have.

Helena. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Lafeu. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Countess. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Bertram. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Lafeu. How understand we that?

Countess. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord;
'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Lafeu. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Countess. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

Bertram. [*To Helena*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Lafeu. Farewell, pretty lady; you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

Helena. O, were that all! I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him; my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'T were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me;
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table,—heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Parolles. Save you, fair queen!

Helena. And you, monarch!

Parolles. No.

Helena. And no.

Parolles. Are you meditating on virginity? will you any thing with it?

Helena. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand loves:
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court 's a learning place, and he is one—

Parolles. What one, i' faith?

Helena. That I wish well. 'T is pity—

Parolles. What 's pity?

Helena. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*

Parolles. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Helena. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Parolles. Under Mars, I.

Helena. I especially think, under Mars.

Parolles. Why under Mars?

Helena. The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars.

Parolles. When he was predominant.

Helena. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Parolles. Why think you so?

Helena. You go so much backward when you fight.

Parolles. That 's for advantage.

Helena. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety; but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Parolles. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away. Farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Helena. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be; who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Paris. The King's Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, *with letters, and divers* Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid: wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
2 *Lord.* It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What 's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Bertram. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth

He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier. Contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Bertram. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say--
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear,—'Let me not live,'—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain, whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments, whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd;
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,

I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You 're loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Bertram. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.—
Lend me an arm.—The rest have worn me out
With several applications; nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.

Bertram. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, *and* Clown.

Countess. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Steward. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Countess. What does this knave here?—Get you gone, sirrah! The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 't is my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clown. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Countess. Well, sir.

Clown. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor, though

many of the rich are damned; but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Countess. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clown. I do beg your good will in this case.

Countess. In what case?

Clown. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings.

Countess. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clown. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Countess. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clown. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Countess. May the world know them?

Clown. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Countess. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clown. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Countess. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clown. You 're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Countess. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clown. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Countess. Get you gone, sir; I 'll talk with you more anon.

Steward. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Countess. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clown. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.

Countess. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clown. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we 'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! An we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

Countess. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clown. That man should be at woman's command, and

yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Countess. Well, now.

Steward. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Countess. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds. There 'is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Steward. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Countess. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me. Stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.— [*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young.
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born.

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults—or then we thought them none,
Her eye is sick on 't; I observe her now.
Helena. What is your pleasure, madam?
Countess. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.
Helena. Mine honourable mistress.
Countess. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent; what 's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine; 't is often seen
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?
Helena. That I am not.
Countess. I say, I am your mother.
Helena. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother.
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Countess. Nor I your mother?
Helena. You are my mother, madam; would you were—

So that my lord your son were not my brother—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Countess. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.
God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness; now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head; now to all sense 't is gross
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 't is so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Helena. Good madam, pardon me!
Countess. Do you love my son?
Helena. Your pardon, noble mistress!
Countess. Love you my son?
Helena. Do not you love him, madam?
Countess. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond.
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Helena. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,

That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love, O, then give pity
To her whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

Countess. Had you not lately an intent—speak truly—
To go to Paris?

Helena. Madam, I had.

Countess. Wherefore? tell true.

Helena. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,

As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note: amongst the rest
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.
Countess. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.
Helena. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris and the medicine and the king
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Countess. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind: he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
Helena. There 's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven; and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I 'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
By such a day and hour.
Countess. Dost thou believe 't?
Helena. Ay, madam, knowingly.
Countess. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I 'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*

INTERIOR OF THE LOUVRE.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Paris. The King's Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING, *attended with divers young* Lords *taking leave for the Florentine war;* BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell.—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'T is our hope, sir,

After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen. Let higher Italy—
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.
2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them!
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell.—Come hither to me. [*Exit, attended.*
1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Parolles. 'T is not his fault, the spark.
2 *Lord.* O, 't is brave wars!
Parolles. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.
Bertram. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,—
'Too young' and 'the next year' and ''t is too early.'
Parolles. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.
Bertram. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I 'll steal away.
1 *Lord.* There 's honour in the theft.
Parolles. Commit it, count.
2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so, farewell.
Bertram. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.
1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Parolles. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it. Say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

1 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Parolles. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Bertram. Stay; the king! 48

Re-enter the KING. BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES *retire.*

Parolles. [*To Bertram*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu. Be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Bertram. And I will do so.

Parolles. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter LAFEU.

Lafeu. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings. 60

King. I 'll fee thee to stand up.

Lafeu. Then here 's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Lafeu. Good faith, across ; but, my good lord, 't is thus.
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?
King. No.
Lafeu. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine
That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion ; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand
And write to her a love-line.
King. What her is this?
Lafeu. Why, Doctor She ; my lord, there 's one arriv'd,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.
Lafeu. Nay, I 'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Lafeu. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Lafeu. Nay, come your ways.
This is his majesty ; say your mind to him.

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Helena. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father ;
In what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.
Helena. The rather will I spare my praises towards him ;
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so ;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate : I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help when help past sense we deem.
Helena. My duty then shall pay me for my pains.
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Helena. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid.
Thy pains not us'd must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
Helena. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Helena. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,

Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?

Helena. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; nay, worst of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,—
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Helena. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Helena. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

Helena. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd.
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,—
Though more to know could not be more to trust,—
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest
Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy meed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Rousillon. The Coun'ess's Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

Countess. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught; I know my business is but to the court.

Countess. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clown. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court. He that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Countess. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clown. It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks, the

pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Countess. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Countess. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clown. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Countess. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clown. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it; here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Countess. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clown. O Lord, sir!—There 's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Countess. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Countess. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Countess. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Countess. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me?' Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clown. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Countess. I play the noble huswife with the time,
To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Why, there 't serves well again.

Countess. An end, sir; to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back;
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.
This is not much.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Countess. Not much employment for you; you understand me?

Clown. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Countess. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. *Paris. The King's Palace.*

Enter LAFEU *and* PAROLLES.

Lafeu. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Parolles. And so 't is.

Lafeu. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Parolles. So I say.

Lafeu. Both of Galen and Paracelsus,—

Parolles. So I say.

Lafeu. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Parolles. Right; so I say.

Lafeu. That gave him out incurable,—

Parolles. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Lafeu. Not to be helped,—

Parolles. Right; as 't were, a man assured of a—

Lafeu. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Parolles. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Lafeu. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Parolles. It is, indeed; if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Lafeu. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Parolles. That 's it; I would have said the very same.

Lafeu. Why, your dolphin is not lustier; fore me, I speak in respect—

Parolles. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Lafeu. Very hand of heaven.

Parolles. Ay, so I say.

Lafeu. In a most weak—

Parolles. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Lafeu. Generally thankful.

Parolles. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, *and* Attendants. LAFEU *and* PAROLLES *retire.*

Lafeu. Lustig, as the Dutchman says! I 'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head; why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.

Parolles. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Lafeu. Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords *and* BERTRAM.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use. Thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Helena. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each but one!

Lafeu. I 'd give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well; 60
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Helena. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Helena. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever; 70
We 'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Helena. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Helena. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Lafeu. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Helena. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies; 80

Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Helena. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.

Lafeu. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I 'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Helena. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake.
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Lafeu. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

Helena. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Lafeu. There 's one grape yet; I am sure thy father drunk wine: but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Helena. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she 's thy wife.

Bertram. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Bertram. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Bertram. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name; but do not so.
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good without a name. Vileness is so;
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she 's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born
And is not like the sire. Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers; the mere word 's a slave
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Bertram. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Helena. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I 'm glad;
Let the rest go.

King. My honour 's at the stake; which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;
Obey our will, which travails in thy good.
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak! thine answer!

Bertram. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is as 't were born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine; to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete.

Bertram. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,

And be perform'd to-night. the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love 's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles.*

Lafeu. [*Advancing*] Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Parolles. Your pleasure, sir?

Lafeu. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Parolles. Recantation! My lord! my master!

Lafeu. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Parolles. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Lafeu. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Parolles. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

Lafeu. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Parolles. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Lafeu. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Parolles. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Lafeu. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou 'rt scarce worth.

Parolles. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Lafeu. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy

casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Parolles. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Lafeu. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Parolles. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Lafeu. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Parolles. Well, I shall be wiser. 220

Lafeu. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Parolles. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation. 228

Lafeu. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Parolles. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Lafeu. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married; there 's news for you: you have a new mistress. 240

Parolles. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Lafeu. Who? God?

Parolles. Ay, sir.

Lafeu. The devil it is that 's thy master. Why dost thou

garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I 'd beat thee; methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Parolles. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Lafeu. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate. You are a vagabond and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I 'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Parolles. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Bertram. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Parolles. What 's the matter, sweet-heart?

Bertram. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Parolles. What, what, sweet-heart?

Bertram. O my Parolles, they have married me!
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Parolles. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot; to the wars!

Bertram. There 's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Parolles. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions
France is a stable, we that dwell in 't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Bertram. It shall be so. I 'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Parolles. Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?

Bertram. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I 'll send her straight away; to-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Parolles. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it.—
'T is hard.
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go.
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 't is so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Paris. The King's Palace.*

Enter HELENA *and* Clown.

Helena. My mother greets me kindly; is she well?

Clown. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Helena. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she 's not very well?

Clown. Truly, she 's very well indeed, but for two things.

Helena. What two things?

Clown. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Parolles. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Helena. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Parolles. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clown. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Parolles. Why, I say nothing.

Clown. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Parolles. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clown. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that 's, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Parolles. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clown. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Parolles. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim.

Helena. What 's his will else?

Parolles. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Helena. What more commands he?

Parolles. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Helena. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Parolles. I shall report it so.

Helena. I pray you.—[*Exit Parolles.*]
Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Paris. The King's Palace.*

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Lafeu. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Bertram. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Lafeu. You have it from his own deliverance.

Bertram. And by other warranted testimony.

Lafeu. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Bertram. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant.

Lafeu. I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Parolles. [*To Bertram*] These things shall be done, sir.

Lafeu. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Parolles. Sir?

Lafeu. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Bertram. [*Aside to Parolles*] Is she gone to the king?

Parolles. She is.

Bertram. Will she away to-night?

Parolles. As you 'll have her.

Bertram. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Lafeu. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Bertram. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Parolles. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Lafeu. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Bertram. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Lafeu. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Parolles. An idle lord, I swear.

Bertram. I think so.

Parolles. Why, do you not know him?

Bertram. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass.—Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Helena. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Bertram. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter.*
'T will be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Helena. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Bertram. Come, come, no more of that.

Helena. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Bertram. Let that go;
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

Helena. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Bertram. Well, what would you say?

Helena. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 't is mine, and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Bertram. What would you have?

Helena. Something;—and scarce so much;—nothing, indeed. 81

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—
Faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Bertram. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Helena. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Bertram. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.

[*Exit Helena.*

Go thou toward home; where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.—
Away, and for our flight.

Parolles. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

COURT OF THE DUKE'S PALACE, FLORENCE.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Florence. The Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, *attended; the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.*

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.
Duke. Be it his pleasure.
1 *Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* Clown.

Countess. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clown. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Countess. By what observance, I pray you?

Clown. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing, mend the ruff and sing, ask questions and sing, pick his teeth and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.

Countess. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clown. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court; the brains of my Cupid 's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Countess. What have we here?

Clown. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Countess. [Reads] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son,* BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Countess. What is the matter?

Clown. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Countess. Why should he be killed?

Clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*

Enter HELENA *and two* Gentlemen.

1 *Gentleman.* Save you, good madam.

Helena. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gentleman.* Do not say so.

Countess. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't;—where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gentleman.* Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Helena. Look on his letter, madam; here 's my passport. [Reads] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'*
This is a dreadful sentence.

Countess. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gentleman.* Ay, madam,
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

Countess. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gentleman.* Ay, madam.

Countess. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gentleman.* Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Countess. Return you thither?

1 *Gentleman.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Helena. [Reads] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
'T is bitter.

Countess. Find you that there?

Helena. Ay, madam.

1 *Gentleman.* 'T is but the boldness of his hand, which, haply,
His heart was not consenting to.
Countess. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress.—Who was with him?
1 *Gentleman.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.
Countess. Parolles, was it not?
1 *Gentleman.* Ay, my good lady, he.
Countess. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
1 *Gentleman.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Countess. You 're welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses; more I 'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
2 *Gentleman.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Countess. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*
Helena. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 't were
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels offic'd all. I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Florence. Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, Lords, Soldiers, Drum, *and* Trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Bertram. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Bertram. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* Steward.

Countess. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Steward. [Reads]
I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.
Countess. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Steward. Pardon me, madam.

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
Countess. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light ; my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger.—
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.—
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off. Enter an old* Widow *of Florence*, DIANA, VIOLENTA, *and* MARIANA, *with other* Citizens.

Widow. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Diana. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Widow. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour, they are gone a contrary way ; hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

Mariana. Come, let 's return again, and suffice ourselves

with the report of it.—Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Widow. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mariana. I know that knave, hang him! one Parolles; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under. Many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Diana. You shall not need to fear me.

Widow. I hope so.—

Enter HELENA, *disguised like a Pilgrim.*

Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another. I 'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Helena. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Widow. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Helena. Is this the way?

Widow. Ay, marry, is 't.—[*A march afar.*] Hark you! they come this way.—
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Helena. Is it yourself?

Widow. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Helena. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
Widow. You came, I think, from France?
Helena. I did so.
Widow. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.
Helena. His name, I pray you.
Diana. The Count Rousillon; know you such a one?
Helena. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.
Diana. Whatsome'er he is,
He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 't is reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking; think you it is so?
Helena. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.
Diana. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.
Helena. What 's his name?
Diana. Monsieur Parolles.
Helena. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Diana. Alas, poor lady!
'T is a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Widow. I write, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly; this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
Helena. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Widow. He does indeed,

And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid;
But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.
Mariana. The gods forbid else!
Widow. So, now they come.

Drum and Colours.

Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and the whole army.*

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Helena. Which is the Frenchman?
Diana. He;
That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow.
I would he lov'd his wife; if he were honester,
He were much goodlier. Is 't not a handsome gentleman?
Helena. I like him well.
Diana. 'T is pity he is not honest. Yond 's that same knave
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
Helena. Which is he?
Diana. That jack-an-apes with scarfs; why is he melancholy?
Helena. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.
Parolles. Lose our drum! well.
Mariana. He 's shrewdly vexed at something; look, he has spied us.
Widow. Marry, hang you!
Mariana. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*
Widow. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host; of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
Helena. I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We 'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Camp before Florence.*

Enter Bertram *and the two French* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Bertram. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Bertram. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest com-

pulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum! he says he has a stratagem for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside to Bertram*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design! let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Bertram. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

Parolles. But a drum! is 't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Bertram. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success; some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Parolles. It might have been recovered.

Bertram. It might; but it is not now.

Parolles. It is to be recovered; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or hic jacet.

Bertram. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur. If you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt

for a worthy exploit. If you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Parolles. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Bertram. But you must not now slumber in it.

Parolles. I 'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Bertram. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Parolles. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Bertram. I know thou 'rt valiant, and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Parolles. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done? damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do. Certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Bertram. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him: you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We 'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Bertram. Your brother he shall go along with me.
1 *Lord.* As 't please your lordship. I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*
Bertram. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.
2 *Lord.* But you say she 's honest.
Bertram. That 's all the fault. I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She 's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?
2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Florence. The Widow's House.*

Enter Helena *and* Widow.

Helena. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
Widow. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Helena. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
Widow. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You 're great in fortune.
Helena. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay and pay again

When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolv'd to carry her; let her in fine consent,
As we 'll direct her how 't is best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand. A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it; this ring he holds
In most rich choice, yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Widow. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Helena. You see it lawful, then; it is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Widow. I have yielded;
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With music of all sorts and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness; it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

Helena. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt.*

FLORENTINE CAMP AND GENERAL VIEW OF FLORENCE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter 1 French Lord, *with five or six* Soldiers *in ambus.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Soldier.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Soldier.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again? 11

1 *Soldier.* E'en such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough.—As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.—But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges. 21

Enter PAROLLES.

Parolles. Ten o'clock; within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it; they begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside, in the ambush*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. 30

Parolles. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what 's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils. 39

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Parolles. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so.

Parolles. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'T would not do.

Parolles. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve.

Parolles. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord.* How deep?

Parolles. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Parolles. I would I had any drum of the enemy's, I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon.

Parolles. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within. They rush out of the ambush and seize him.*

1 *Lord.* Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Parolles. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.

1 *Soldier.* Boskos thromuldo boskos. [*They blindfold him.*

Parolles. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I 'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

1 *Soldier.* Boskos vauvado; I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto; sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Parolles. O!

1 *Soldier.* O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulche.

1 *Lord.* Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

1 *Soldier.* The general is content to spare thee yet.
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee; haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Parolles. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Soldier.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Parolles. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Soldier.* Acordo linta.
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Soldier.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* A' will betray us all unto ourselves;
Inform on that.

2 *Soldier.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then I 'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Florence. The Widow's House.*

Enter Bertram *and* Diana.

Bertram. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Diana. No, my good lord, Diana.

Bertram. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument.

When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.
Diana. She then was honest.
Bertram. So should you be.
Diana. No!
My mother did but duty,—such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Bertram. No more o' that!
I prithee, do not strive against my vows.
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Diana. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves
And mock us with our bareness.
Bertram. How have I sworn!
Diana. 'T is not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness; then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by God's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him; therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,—
At least in my opinion.
Bertram. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover; say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.

Diana. I see that men make ropes in such a scarre
That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Bertram. I 'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Diana. Will you not, my lord?

Bertram. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Diana. Mine honour's such a ring,
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Bertram. Here, take my ring;
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee.

Diana. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window;
I 'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;
And on your finger in the night I 'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Bertram. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
[*Exit*

Diana. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths. He has sworn to marry me
When his wife 's dead, therefore I 'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid;
Only in this disguise I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords *and two or three* Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since; there is something in 't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves,

till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand, which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief, in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now! where 's your master?

Servant. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now.—

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?

Bertram. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length apiece, by an abstract of success. I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Bertram. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to

hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Bertram. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 95

2 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confessed? 102

Bertram. Nothing of me, has a'?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Soldiers, *with* PAROLLES.

Bertram. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush, hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes! Portotartarosa.

1 *Soldier.* He calls for the tortures; what will you say without 'em? 111

Parolles. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Soldier.* Bosko chimurcho.

1 *Lord.* Boblibindo chicurmurco.

1 *Soldier.* You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Parolles. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Soldier.* [Reads] '*First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.*' What say you to that? 120

Parolles. Five or six thousand, but very weak and unser-

viceable; the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Soldier.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Parolles. Do; I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Bertram. All 's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You 're deceived, my lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist—that was his own phrase—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger. 132

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Soldier.* Well, that 's set down.

Parolles. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I 'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He 's very near the truth in this.

Bertram. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it. 141

Parolles. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Soldier.* Well, that 's set down.

Parolles. I humbly thank you, sir; a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Soldier.* [Reads] '*Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot.*' What say you to that?

Parolles. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Bertram. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Soldier.* Well, that 's set down. [Reads] '*You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.*' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Parolles. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories; demand them singly.

1 *Soldier.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Parolles. I know him: a' was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped.

Bertram. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Soldier.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Parolles. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Soldier.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Parolles. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Soldier.* Marry, we 'll search.

Parolles. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

1 *Soldier.* Here 't is; here 's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Parolles. I do not know if it be it or no.

Bertram. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Soldier.* [Reads] '*Dian, the count 's a fool, and full of gold,*'—

Parolles. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Soldier.* Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favour.

Parolles. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy.

Bertram. Damnable both-sides rogue!

1 *Soldier.* [Reads] '*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count 's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.'

Bertram. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in 's forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Bertram. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

1 *Soldier.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Parolles. My life, sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die, but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Soldier.* We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour; what is his honesty? 228

Parolles. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this. 240

Bertram. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he 's more and more a cat.

1 *Soldier.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Parolles. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians: to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villany so far that the rarity redeems him. 251

Bertram. A pox on him, he 's a cat still.

1 *Soldier.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Parolles. Sir, for a quart d'écu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Soldier.* What 's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Soldier.* What 's he?

Parolles. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Soldier.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Parolles. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1 *Soldier.* I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Parolles. [*Aside*] I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1 *Soldier.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die; the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. — Come, headsman, off with his head.

Parolles. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Soldier.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.*

So, look about you; know you any here?

Bertram. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, Captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I 'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

1 *Soldier.* You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.

Parolles. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Soldier.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir. I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit, with Soldiers.*

Parolles. Yet am I thankful; if my heart were great, 302
'T would burst at this. Captain I 'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this, for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! 310
There 's place and means for every man alive.
I 'll after them. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *Florence. The Widow's House.*

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana.

Helena. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; fore whose throne 't is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know, 10
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.
Widow. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.
Helena. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.
Diana. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.
Helena. Yet, I pray you;
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us.
ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine 's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

Lafeu. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour;

your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Countess. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Lafeu. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady; we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clown. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Lafeu. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clown. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Lafeu. Whether dost thou profess thyself,—a knave or a fool?

Clown. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Lafeu. Your distinction?

Clown. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Lafeu. So you were a knave at his service, indeed. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clown. At your service.

Lafeu. No, no, no.

Clown. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Lafeu. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

Clown. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Lafeu. What prince is that?

Clown. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Lafeu. Hold thee, there 's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clown. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter; some that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Lafeu. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clown. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Lafeu. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Countess. So he is. My lord that 's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Lafeu. I like him well; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Countess. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Lafeu. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here tomorrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Countess. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I

die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night; I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Lafeu. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Countess. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Lafeu. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Lafeu. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clown. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Lafeu. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clown. Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

MARSEILLES.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Marseilles. A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two* Attendants.

Helena. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you.—In happy time!

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gentleman. And you.

Helena. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gentleman. I have been sometimes there.
Helena. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gentleman. What 's your will?
Helena. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.
Gentleman. The king 's not here.
Helena. Not here, sir!
Gentleman. Not, indeed;
He hence remov'd last night and with more haste
Than is his use.
Widow. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Helena. ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gentleman. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
Whither I am going.
Helena. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gentleman. This I 'll do for you.
Helena. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. Before the Countess's Palace.*
Enter Clown *and* PAROLLES.

Parolles. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clown. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of; I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

Parolles. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clown. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Parolles. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clown. Foh! prithee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.—

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Parolles. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Lafeu. And what would you have me to do? 'T is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long

under her? There 's a quart d'écu for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business. 32

Parolles. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Lafeu. You beg a single penny more. Come, you shall ha 't; save your word.

Parolles. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Lafeu. You beg more than a word, then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Parolles. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Lafeu. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Parolles. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. 43

Lafeu. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king 's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Parolles. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Gentlemen, Attendants, *etc.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Countess. 'T is past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,

I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Lafeu. This I must say—
But first I beg my pardon—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.
King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.
Gentleman. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*
King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?
Lafeu. All that he is hath reference to your highness.
King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Lafeu. He looks well on 't.
King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Bertram. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Bertram. Admiringly, my liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue;
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour or express'd it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came
That she whom all men prais'd and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
King. Well excus'd!
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt; but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That 's good that 's gone.' Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust.
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:

The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Countess. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!
Lafeu. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*] By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
Bertram. Hers it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Bertram. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Countess. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Lafeu. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Bertram. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it;
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully

I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring; 't was mine, 't was Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed—
Where you have never come—or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Bertram. She never saw it.
King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards seize Bertram.*
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him!
We 'll sift this matter further.
Bertram. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*
King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gentleman. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not.
Here 's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending; her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads] '*Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.* DIANA CAPILET.'

Lafeu. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this; I 'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors.
Go speedily and bring again the count.—
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Countess. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—

Enter Widow *and* DIANA.

What woman 's that?

Diana. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet.
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Widow. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Bertram. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

Diana. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Bertram. She 's none of mine, my lord.

Diana. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Lafeu. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Bertram. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with; let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them; fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies!

Diana. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?
Bertram. She 's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Diana. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.
Countess. He blushes, and 't is it.
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring 's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Diana. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name 's Parolles.
Lafeu. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Bertram. What of him?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he 'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Bertram. I think she has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Diana. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband—
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Bertram. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Diana. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Diana. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Diana. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Bertram. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

Diana. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah,—but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I 'll keep off,—
By him and by this woman here what know you?

Parolles. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; did he love this woman?

Parolles. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Parolles. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Parolles. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—What an equivocal companion is this!

Parolles. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Lafeu. He 's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Diana. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Parolles. Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Parolles. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for indeed he was mad for her, and talked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill-will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Diana. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Diana. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Diana. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Diana. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Diana. I never gave it him.

Lafeu. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Diana. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Diana. I 'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Diana. I 'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Diana. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Diana. Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't;
I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Diana. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child.
So there 's my riddle: one that 's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?

Helena. No, my good lord;
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.
Bertram. Both, both. O, pardon!
Helena. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here 's your letter; this it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child,' etc.—This is done;
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Bertram. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Helena. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O my dear mother, do I see you living?
Lafeu. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.—
[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher. So,
I thank thee: wait on me home, I' ll make sport with thee.
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express.
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.— [*Flourish.*
The king 's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [*Exeunt.*

FLORENCE.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson (first edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the "Acme" reprint of that ed.

NOTES.

COURT OF COUNTESS'S PALACE—PAROLLES AND CLOWN (v. 2).

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Not given in the folio (see *Oth.* p. 153). As the Clown's name appears in v. 2. 1, we follow the Camb. ed. in giving it here. The spelling in the old eds. is "Lavatch." Violenta's name occurs in the stage-direction at the beginning of iii. 5, but she does not say any thing. The Camb. editors suggest that possibly Diana's first speech in that scene should be given to her.

In the folios *Rousillon* is generally spelt "Rossillion," and *Helena* in the stage-directions "Hellen."

SCENE I.—5. *In ward.* "Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come of age. It is now almost forgotten in England that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France it is of no great use to inquire, for S. gives to all nations the manners of England" (Johnson). According to other authorities, the custom did prevail in Normandy, but not in other parts of France.

9. *Lack.* Changed by Theo. (at the suggestion of Warb.) to "slack." Clarke paraphrases the passage thus: "Your worthiness would stir it (that is, the king's 'virtue,' favour, or kindness) up where it did not exist, rather than be without it where it exists in such abundance."

13. *Persecuted.* "Not very intelligibly used" (Schmidt); but perhaps = followed up (the original sense). S. has the verb nowhere else.

17. *Passage.* Any thing that *passes*, or occurs. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 113: "passages of experience," etc. See also *T. N.* p. 149.

"The Countess's parenthetical exclamation concisely pictures all the calamitous circumstances involved in that one word *had*—the lost parent, the young girl's orphanhood, her own dead husband, her son's past dwelling with her at home, and his imminent departure" (Clarke).

30. *A fistula.* "A sinuous ulcer" (Schmidt); the only instance of the word in S. Paynter's translation of Boccaccio's story (see p. 11 above) says: "She heard by report that the French King had a swelling upon his breast, which by reason of ill cure, was growen into a fistula."

35. *Overlooking.* Supervision, care. S. does not use the word in the modern sense of neglecting.

37. *Virtuous qualities.* "Qualities of good breeding and erudition (in the same sense that the Italians say *qualità virtuosa*) and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, she says, that, in *an ill mind*, these *virtuous qualities* are *virtues and traitors too;* that is, the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedness than it could have done without them" (Warb.).

39. *In her they are the better*, etc. "Her virtues are the better for their simpleness; that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator [Warb.] has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not shown the full extent of Shakespeare's masterly observation. Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge that 'a young man who falls into their way is *betrayed* as much by his judgment as his passions'" (Johnson). In *A. Y. L.* ii. 3. 13, as Malone remarks, "*virtues* are called *traitors* on a very different ground." Clarke explains the passage thus: "We commend such excellencies with regret that they should be so good in themselves, yet treacherous in their combination and effects; and then the Countess goes on to say that Helena's merits are the better for their pure

source, since she derives her integrity of nature from her father, and achieves her excellence herself."

42. *Season.* For the "culinary" metaphor, as Malone calls it, cf. *T. N.* i. 1. 30:

> "All this to season
> A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
> And lasting in her remembrance;"

and see also *Much Ado*, p. 155. Pye calls it "a coarse and vulgar metaphor" (as Blair would probably have done); but K. cites, as divine authority for it, *Matt.* v. 13.

44. *Livelihood.* Liveliness, animation; the only sense in S. See *Rich. III.* p. 214.

46. *Than to have.* "Than have it" (Capell's reading). The folios read "then to haue—," but it need not be considered an unfinished speech. See Gr. 415, 416. Malone compares *Sonn.* 58. 1:

> "That god forbid that made me first your slave,
> I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
> Or at your hand the account of hours to crave."

47. *I do affect*, etc. "In these, the first words she utters, Helena uses the veiled language which marks her diction throughout this opening scene. She is brooding over her secret thoughts, letting them but so indistinctly be seen as to be undivined by those around her, and only so far perceived by the reader as to enable him to gather what the dramatist intends to indicate. The *sorrow* Helena *affects* is that for her father's death; the sorrow she says *I have* is for the inauspiciousness of her love, and for Bertram's approaching departure" (Clarke).

50. *If the living*, etc. "If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal; that is, if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess" (Johnson). Theo. adopts the conjecture of Warb., "be *not* enemy," making *mortal*=deadly, fatal. Malone, in support of Johnson's explanation, cites *W. T.* v. 3. 51:

> "Scarce any joy
> Did ever so long live; no sorrow
> But kill'd itself much sooner;"

and *R. and J.* ii. 6. 9:

> "These violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die."

Tieck (followed by many editors) assigns this speech to Helena; and it must be admitted that it is in the veiled and enigmatical style she uses here. See on 47 above. But, on the other hand, it seems a natural antithetical comment for any one to make on Lafeu's antithetical speech, and therefore may be left to the Countess, as in the folio. We think there is also some force in White's objection that "if this speech be assigned to Helena, Lafeu's question, excited by its quibbling nature, is not put until after Bertram has turned the attention of the audience by addressing another person, to wit, the Countess, whom he asks for her blessing; in which case Lafeu's query is presuming and discourteous, and the dramatic effect awkward. But if the Countess be the last speaker, this is avoided."

57. *Love all*, etc. Cf. the advice of Polonius to Laertes, in *Ham.* i. 3. 58 fol. See p. 31 above.

58. *Be able*, etc. "Rather be able to revenge yourself on your enemy in ability, than in the use of that ability; have it in your power to revenge, but shew Godlike in not using that power" (Dodd).

60. *Check'd.* Chided, rebuked; as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 97: "Check'd like a bondman," etc.

61. *Tax'd.* Censured, reproached; as in v. 3. 204 below. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 142, note on *Taxation.*

62. *That thee may furnish.* "That may help thee with more and better qualifications" (Johnson).

On *pluck* as a favourite word with S., see *Rich III.* p. 199, or *Lear*, p. 238.

64. *Unseason'd.* Inexperienced. Elsewhere in S. it is = unseasonable. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 175.

68. *The best wishes*, etc. "That is, may you be *mistress* of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect" (Johnson).

69. *Comfortable.* In an active sense; as in *Lear*, i. 4. 328:

> "A daughter,
> Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable."

See also *R. and J.* p. 216. Gr. 3.

70. *My mother, your mistress.* As Clarke notes, this little touch "thoroughly serves to convey the impression Bertram has of Helena, that she is a dependant in his family; to convey the effect of his indifference to her himself, and his unconsciousness of her preference for him; and to convey the smarting additional pang that must needs be struck into the heart of her whom he addresses in these few parting words."

71. *Hold.* Maintain. Halliwell quotes Baret, *Alvearie:* "To hold, or staie up, to maintaine, to support."

73. *O, were that all!* etc. "Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father (or not to act unbecoming the daughter of such a father) were my only solicitude! I think not of him. My cares are all for Bertram" (Malone).

74. *These great tears.* Johnson explained this as = "the tears which the King and Countess shed for him;" but, as Mason remarks, "it does not appear that either of those great persons had shed tears for him, though they spoke of him with regret." She refers to her own big tears, shed for Bertram but supposed by others to be for her father, wherefore they do more honour to his memory than those she really shed for him. Coll. says: "Her meaning seems to be, that the great tears she lets fall grace the memory of *Bertram* more than those she sheds for her father, her principal grief being for the departure of the former."

77. *Favour.* Face, look; as in 90 below. See also v. 3. 49.

79. *It were all one*, etc. See p. 24 above.

82. *In his bright radiance*, etc. "I cannot be united with him and move in the same *sphere*, but *must be comforted* at a distance by the *radiance* that shoots *on all sides* from him" (Johnson). For the allusion to the Ptolemaic astronomy, see *Ham.* p. 254, note on *Sphere.* For *collateral*

= indirect, cf. the only other instance in which S. uses the word, *Ham.* iv. 5. 206: "If by direct or by collateral hand," etc.

88. *Hawking.* Hawk-like, keen.

89. *Table.* The *tablet* or other surface on which a picture was painted. Cf. *Sonn.* 24. 1:

> "Mine eye hath played the painter, and hath stell'd
> Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;"

and *K. John*, ii. 1. 503: "Drawn in the flattering table of her eye." Steevens quotes Walpole, *Anec. of Painting:* "Item, one table with the picture of the Duchess of Milan . . . Item, one table with the pictures of the King's Majesty and Queen Jane," etc.

Capable of = ready to take the impression of. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 353:

> "Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
> Being capable of all ill."

Cf. 148 below.

90. *Trick.* Trait, peculiarity. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 85: "He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face." See also *Lear*, p. 245.

95. *Solely.* Altogether (Boswell). Cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 71: "solely sovereign sway," etc.

97. *Virtue's steely bones.* "Steel-boned, unyielding, and uncomplying virtue" (Schmidt). *Take place* = "take precedence" (Clarke), or gain position. The Globe ed. obelizes the next line as hopelessly corrupt. Perhaps the idea is, that wisdom is "left out in the cold," while folly has more than enough.

101. *And you, monarch!* Probably a mere sportive reply, like Portia's in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 85, and the king's in *Rich. II.* v. 5. 67; but Steevens thought there might be an allusion to "Monarcho, a ridiculous fantastical character of the age of S." Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 101.

103. *And no.* "I am no more a queen than you are a monarch, or *Monarcho*" (Malone).

104. *Are you meditating on virginity?* The dialogue which follows in the folio (see Globe ed.) was very likely an interpolation, to tickle "the ears of the groundlings" (*Ham.* ii. 2. 12), as Badham (*Camb. Essays*, 1856, p. 256) regards it. The Camb. editors call it "a blot on the play." We strike it out with less hesitation than in some similar cases. The transition in Helena's reply—*Not my virginity yet. There shall*, etc.—is abrupt, either on account of the clumsy way in which the interpolation was made, or, as W. and others think, because something has been lost before *There shall*, etc. Hanmer inserted "You 're for the court," which Johnson calls "a fair attempt," though he would be glad to think the whole speech supposititious. Steevens and Henley are satisfied with it as it stands. Taking it as it stands, it has been a question whether *There* refers to Bertram's love or to the court. W. says: "There can be no doubt that the court was the subject of the speech, not only because she says in the last line, 'The court 's a learning place,' but because in the courtly society of Shakespeare's day it was the fashion for gallants to avow themselves the admirers of some particular lady, and to address her as their phœnix, captain, humble ambition, or proud humility, or by

other 'fond adoptious christendoms.'" Clarke, on the other hand, believes "Helena's *there* to signify her own maiden self dedicated in the fulness of affection to him she loves, and consecrated evermore to him, even though he should never accept the gift." We are disposed to think that Helena meant to be understood *by Parolles* as referring to the court, but with a secret reference in her own thoughts to Bertram. "The speech," as Clarke well puts it, "is an impassioned rhapsody spoken rather to herself than to the bystander; but veiled from his knowledge by riddle-like language, and given a plausible turn to, by furnishing what may serve as the key to its ostensible object."

109. *A phœnix*, etc. Warb. believed this and the next seven lines to be "the nonsense of some foolish conceited player." He adds: "What put it into his head was Helen's saying, as it should be read for the future:

> 'There shall your master have a thousand loves,
> A *mother*, and a *mistress*, and a *friend*,
> I know not what he shall—God send him well!'

where the fellow, finding a *thousand* loves spoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, . . . he would help out the number by the intermediate nonsense; and because they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole such finished nonsense as is never heard out of Bedlam." But the "pretty fond adoptious christendoms," etc. seems thoroughly Shakespearian; and the only difficulty after all may be that something has been lost at the beginning of the passage.

111. *Traitress.* The critics of the last century disputed on the question whether this was "a term of endearment" or not. There can be no doubt that epithets equally whimsical are to be found in the love poetry of the time. S. uses the word only here.

115. *Adoptious christendoms.* Adopted names. Steevens quotes an Epitaph in *Wit's Recreations*, 1640:

> "As here a name and christendome to obtain,
> And to his Maker then return again;"

and Malone adds, from Nash, *Four Letters Confuted:* "But for an author to renounce his Christendome to write in his owne commendation, to refuse the name which his Godfathers and Godmothers gave him in his baptisme," etc.

116. *Gossips.* Is sponsor for. Cf. the use of the noun (=sponsors) in *W. T.* ii. 3. 41 (see our ed. p. 169), *Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 13 (see our ed. p. 205), etc.

126. *And show what*, etc. "And *show* by realities what we now *must only think*" (Johnson). See pp. 21, 25 above.

138. *Predominant.* An astrological term, like *retrograde* in the next line. See *W. T.* p. 157, or *Macb.* p. 203 (note on *Is 't night's predominance*, etc.).

145. *Of a good wing.* A complimentary term as applied to a falcon, and equivalent to "strong in flight;" but here used with a quibbling reference to the other sense of *flight.* Mason explains the passage thus: "If your valour will suffer you to go backward for advantage, and your

fear for the same reason will make you run away, the composition that your valour and fear make in you must be a virtue that will fly far and swiftly." Clarke sees also an allusion to *wing* as a part of dress (a kind of sleeve ornament), or "a fleer at Parolles' flighty and extravagant attire;" but this is doubtful.

146. *Businesses.* For the plural, cf. iii. 7. 5 and iv. 3. 79 below. See also *Lear*, p. 200.

148. *Capable of.* Able to receive. Cf. 89 above.

156. *Fated.* Fateful, or invested with the power of controlling destiny.

159. *What power is it*, etc. "By what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? Why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope?" (Johnson). For *mounts* = lifts, raises, cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 144: "The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er," etc.

161. *The mightiest space*, etc. "The affections given us by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity, and cause them to join like persons in the same situation or rank in life" (Malone). Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 388:

> "That solder'st close impossibilities,
> And mak'st them kiss."

Mason conjectured "The mighty and base in fortune," and St. "The wid'st apart." Malone's interpretation is confirmed by the steward's report of Helena's soliloquy in i. 3. 103 below: "*Fortune*, she said, was no goddess, that had put such *difference* betwixt their two estates."

164. *That weigh their pains in sense.* That estimate their labour by sense (Johnson), or in thought (Schmidt). Clarke makes *in sense* = "by the amount of trouble and suffering involved," and also "by reason and common-sense probability of success."

165. *What hath been cannot be.* That is, that what has once been done cannot be done again. Hanmer reads "hath not been can't be," and Johnson favours Mason's conjecture of "ha'n't been cannot be;" but no change is called for. Helena has in mind those weak or timid folk who do not believe the maxim, "What man has done, man may do."

168. *And will not leave me.* Clarke remarks: "The noble mixture of spirited firmness and womanly modesty, fine sense and true humility, clear sagacity and absence of conceit, passionate warmth and sensitive delicacy, generous love and self-diffidence, with which S. has endowed Helena, renders her in our eyes one of the most admirable of his female characters. Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Mrs. Jameson have each eloquently contributed to do homage to the beauty of Helena's character—a beauty the more conspicuous from the difficulties of the story: which demanded the combination of the utmost ardour in passion with the utmost purity and delicacy, the utmost moral courage and intelligence of mind with the utmost modesty of nature, to complete the conformation of its heroine."

SCENE II.—1. *Senoys.* Sienese, or inhabitants of Siena. Paynter calls them "Senois."

3. *Braving.* Defiant; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 112 (cf. 143): "In braving arms."

8. *Prejudicates.* Used by S. nowhere else.

10. *Approv'd so.* So well proved. Cf. i. 3. 218 below: "a remedy approv'd."

16. *Sick for breathing.* Longing or pining for exercise. See *Ham.* p. 272 (note on *Breathing time*), and cf. ii. 3. 252 below.

17. *What 's he*, etc. Who is he that, etc. Gr. 254 (see also 244).

18. *Rousillon.* The 1st folio has "Rosignoll" here, the 2d "Rosillion."

Rousillon, or *Roussillon*, was an old province of France, separated from Spain by the Pyrenees. Perpignan was the capital, as it is of the modern department of Pyrénées-Orientales, which occupies nearly the same territory.

20. *Frank.* Liberal, bountiful; as in *Sonn.* 4. 4:

> "Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
> And being frank she lends to those are free;"

Lear, iii. 4. 20: "Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all," etc.

Curious. Careful, scrupulous. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 36:

> "For curious I cannot be with you,
> Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well."

Cf. *curiosity* in *Lear*, i. 1. 6, and see our ed. p. 165.

25. *As.* For *as* after *that*, see Gr. 280.

29. *On.* For the duplication of the preposition, cf. *Cor.* ii. 1. 18: "In what enormity is Marcius poor in?" For other examples, see Gr. 407.

30. *Act.* Action; as in iv. 3. 43 below. Cf. also 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 126: "sets it in act and use," etc.

Repairs. Renovates, restores; as in *Cymb.* i. 1. 132: "That shouldst repair my youth," etc.

35. *Ere they can hide*, etc. "Ere they can invest the levity of a joke with the dignity that belongs to a man of high and courtly breeding" (Clarke). The folio has a colon after *honour*, joining *So like a courtier* to what follows. The pointing in the text is due to Blackstone. Johnson, who retains the old pointing, makes *hide their levity in honour* = "cover petty faults with great merit." He adds: "This is an excellent observation. Jocose follies and slight offences are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities." The next lines he paraphrases thus: "He was so like a courtier that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in his keenness of wit nothing bitter. If bitterness or contemptuousness ever appeared, they had been awakened by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his equal."

41. *His hand.* That is, the hand of the clock; *his* being = *its*. Gr. 228.

42. *He us'd*, etc. "He treated as beings of a different social grade" (Clarke).

43. *Top.* Head; as in *Lear*, ii. 4. 165: "On her ingrateful top," etc.

44. *Making them proud*, etc. "Making them proud of receiving such marks of condescension and affability from a person in so elevated a situation, and at the same time lowering or humbling himself by stooping to accept of the encomiums of mean persons for that humility" (Malone). "Giving them a better opinion of their own importance, by his condescending manner of behaving to them" (Mason).

50. *So in approof*, etc. "His epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech" (Schmidt). In ii. 5. 2 below, "valiant approof"=approved valour.

53. *Plausive.* Pleasing, plausible (Schmidt); as in *Ham.* i. 4. 30: "plausive manners." Clarke explains it as "worthy of applause."

54. *He scatter'd not in ears*, etc. K. remarks: "Of course from the collect in the Liturgy: 'Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace *be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit* of good living,' etc.

"But it is noticeable that Shakspere's reverential mind very seldom adopted the phraseology of Scripture or prayer for the mere sake of ornamenting his diction, as moderns perpetually do. The passage noted is an exception; but such are very rare. Doubts have been entertained as to Shakspere's religious belief, because few or no notices of it occur in his works. This ought to be attributed to a tender and delicate reserve about holy things, rather than to inattention or neglect. It is not he who talks most about Scripture, or who most frequently adopts its phraseology, who most deeply feels it."

56. *This.* The reading of the folio, retained by W., the Camb. editors, and others; but it is not improbable that S. wrote "Thus," as Pope and others give it.

58. *When it was out.* That is, when the pastime was over.

59. *To be the snuff.* That is, to be called a snuff. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 39:

> "My snuff and loathed part of nature should
> Burn itself out."

60. *Apprehensive.* Fantastic, fastidious.

61. *Whose judgments are*, etc. "Who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress" (Johnson). Tyrwhitt conjectured "feathers" for *fathers*.

62. *Constancies.* For the plural, see *Rich. II.* p. 206 (note on *Sights*), or *Macb.* p. 209 (note on *Loves*).

64. *I after him*, etc. I, living after him, do wish as he did.

66. *Dissolved.* Separated; as in *M. W.* v. 5. 237: "nothing can dissolve us," etc. Here it may be suggested, as Clarke thinks, by the *wax* that precedes.

67. *Labourers.* Changed by Warb. to "labourer."

You 're loved. The folio reading ("You 'r loued Sir"), and, as W. notes, to be preferred to the ordinary "You are lov'd," as *loved* is the emphatic word.

68. *Lend it you.* That is, give you the love; *it* referring to the antecedent implied in *loved*.

73. *The rest.* That is, the other physicians; antithetical to *him*.

74. *Several applications.* Their *separate* or various prescriptions. For *several*, see *Ham.* p. 267.

75. *Debate it.* Contend for the mastery. Steevens compares *Macb.* ii. 2. 7:

> "That death and nature do contend about them
> Whether they live or die."

SCENE III.—3. *To even your content.* "To act up to your desires" (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 184:

> "but we 'll even
> All that good time will give us;"

that is, we 'll profit by any advantage offered. In the only other instance of the verb in S. (*Oth.* ii. 1. 308: "Till I am even'd with him," etc.) it is = to be even or equal. In the present passage the Coll. MS. gives "win."

5. *We wound our modesty.* Clarke remarks: "Shakespeare's delicate monitions on the subject of self-praise are always fine and finely expressed;" and he refers to *M. of V.* iii. 4. 1 and 22. Malone misquotes *T. and C.* i. 3. 241:

> "The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
> If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth."

8. *This knave.* "Douce classes the Clown of this comedy amongst the domestic fools. Of this genus the same writer gives us three species:—The mere natural, or idiot; the silly by nature, yet cunning and sarcastical; the artificial. Of this latter species, to which it appears to us the Clown before us belongs, Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie*, has defined the characteristics:—'A buffoon, or counterfeit fool, to hear him speak wisely, which is like himself, it is no sport at all. But for such a counterfeit to talk and look foolishly it maketh us laugh, because it is no part of his natural.' Of the real domestic fools of the artificial class—that is, of the class of clever fellows who were content to be called fools for their hire, Gabriel Harvey has given us some minor distinctions:—'Scoggin, the jovial fool; or Skelton, the melancholy fool; or Elderton, the bibbing fool; or Will Sommer, the choleric fool' (*Pierce's Supererogation*, book ii.). Shakspere's fools each united in his own person all the peculiar qualities that must have made the real domestic fool valuable. He infused into them his wit and his philosophy, without taking them out of the condition of realities. They are the interpreters, to the multitude, of many things that would otherwise 'lie too deep' for words" (K.).

11. *Them.* The antecedent is implied in *complaints* and expressed in *knaveries.*

18. *Go to the world.* That is, be married. See *A. Y. L.* p. 195 (note on *To be a woman of the world*), or *Much Ado*, p. 133.

The woman. W. reads "your woman," believing that the abbreviation "y^r" in the MS. was mistaken for "y^e," which is not improbable.

23. *Service is no heritage.* "Service is no inheritance" is a proverb in Ray's collection.

25. *Barnes.* The reading of the 1st folio; the other folios have "bearns" or "barns." W., who reads "barns," says that "all other

editions Scotchify it into *bairns*;" but V. had already given *barnes*, with the following note: "*Barnes* is the word still used in Scotland for *children*, with a slight change both of sound and orthography. It is on account of this difference, however slight, as marking the history of language, that I have retained the old spelling, instead of conforming, with most later editors, to the Scotch." See *W. T.* p. 180, or *Much Ado*, p. 150.

40. *You 're shallow, madam, in great friends.* "You are not deeply skilled in the character or office of great friends" (Johnson). Some editors follow Hanmer in reading "shallow, madam; e'en great," etc.

42. *Ears.* Ploughs, tills; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 212: "To ear the land," etc. See our ed. p. 192. Cf. *Deut.* xxi. 4, 1 *Sam.* viii. 12, *Isa.* xxx. 24, etc. W. says: "the word still survives in composition in *arable*." The *root* of the A. S. *erian*, from which *ear* comes, is undoubtedly the same as that of the Latin *arare*, from which we get *arable* (*arabilis*). The obsolete *earable* (of which Nares gives sundry examples) is of course directly from *ear*.

To in=to get in. The folio has "to Inne," and some modern eds. give "to inn." Cf. Bacon, *Henry VII.*: "All was inned at last into the king's barne;" Holland, *Pliny*: "and when this is inned and laid up in the barne," etc.

49. *Charbon . . . Poysam.* Malone says: "I apprehend this should be read 'old *Poisson* the papist,' alluding to the custom of eating fish on fast-days. '*Charbon* the puritan' alludes to the fiery zeal of that sect." The Camb. editors think that "S. may have written *Chair-bonne* and *Poisson*, alluding to the respective lenten fare of the Puritan and Papist"—a suggestion made independently by a writer in *Notes and Queries* (3d series, iv. 106). Clarke thinks that *Charbon* "may involve reference to the wholesale way in which Puritan preachers menaced evil-doers with what the clown afterwards calls 'the great fire.'"

Howsome'er. The 1st and 2d folios have "how somere," the 3d "howsomeere," and the 4th "howsomere." In *M. of V.* iii. 5. 94, the folio has "how som ere;" and in *Ham.* i. 5. 84, the quartos have "howsomeuer."

51. *Jowl.* Knock; also spelt *joul*, *joll*, and *jole* by the editors. See *Ham.* p. 261. Halliwell cites B. and F., *Scornful Lady*: "Whose head do you carry on your shoulders, that you jole it so against the post?"

54. *A prophet I.* "It is a supposition that has run through all ages and people that *natural fools* have something in them of divinity; on which account they were esteemed sacred. Travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *bênet* for a natural fool. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in Rabelais, advised Panurge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle" (Warb.).

55. *Next*=nearest; as in *W. T.* iii. 3. 129: "home, home, the next way!" See our ed. p. 181.

59. *By kind.* By nature. See *A. Y. L.* p. 190; and cf. *Much Ado*, p. 118 (on *Kind*) and p. 154 (on *Kindly*).

65. *This fair face*, etc. The name of *Helen* reminds the Clown of this

old ballad on the fall of Troy. The Coll. MS. transposes *the cause* and *quoth she.*

67. *Fond done, done fond.* Done foolishly and fondly; *fond* often meaning foolish, as in v. 3. 176 below. The Coll. MS. adds to the line "good sooth, it was." Capell conjectured "but Paris he," as Paris, not Helen, was *Priam's joy.*

72. *Among nine bad*, etc. The Clown's arithmetic has puzzled some of the critics, and Capell suggested "none" for *one;* but it is clearly right as it stands. If there are *nine bad* and *one good*, it is evident that there is *one good in ten.*

75. *You corrupt the song.* That is, misquote it. Warb. supposes that it really read

> "If one be bad amongst nine good,
> There 's but one bad in ten;"

referring to Paris as the one "black sheep" among the ten sons of Priam who, at this period of his reign, were left out of the original fifty.

77. *A purifying o' the song.* Perhaps by making it refer to women instead of men, as the "one good *woman*" seems to imply. The Coll. MS. adds "and mending of the sex," which Coll. thinks "adds point to the comment on the song."

81. *For every blazing star.* The 1st and 2d folios have "ore" for *for*, and the later folios "o're." The Coll. MS. gives "one," and Halliwell conjectures "at." *For* was suggested by Harness, and is adopted by W., D., Clarke, and others.

87. *Though honesty*, etc. K. remarks: "This passage refers to the sour objection of the puritans to the use of the surplice in divine service, for which they wished to substitute the black Geneva gown. At this time the controversy with the puritans raged violently. Hooker's fifth book of *Ecclesiastical Polity*, which, in the 29th chapter, discusses this matter at length, was published in 1597. But the question itself is much older—as old as the Reformation, when it was agitated between the British and Continental reformers. During the reign of Mary it troubled Frankfort, and on the accession of Elizabeth it was brought back to England, under the patronage of Archbishop Grindal, whose residence in Germany, during his exile in Mary's reign, had disposed him to Genevan theology. The dispute about ecclesiastical vestments may seem a trifle, but it was at this period made the ground upon which to try the first principles of Church authority: a point in itself unimportant becomes vital when so large a question is made to turn upon it. Hence its prominency in the controversial writings of Shakspere's time; and few among his audience would be likely to miss an allusion to a subject fiercely debated at Paul's Cross and elsewhere."

Steevens quotes *The Match at Midnight*, 1633: "He has turn'd my stomach for all the world like a puritan's at the sight of a surplice;" and *The Hollander*, 1640; "A puritan, who, because he saw a surplice in the church, would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes." Rann adopts Tyrwhitt's conjecture, "be *a* puritan."

89. *Big.* Proud, haughty: as in *T. of S.* v. 2. 170: "My mind hath been as big as one of yours," etc.

98. *Very late.* Very lately. Cf. *Lear*, p. 190, note on *Too late.*

103. *Estates.* Conditions, ranks. See on i. 1. 161 above.

104. *Only.* Unless, except; or "used as if the sentence were not negative, but affirmative" (Schmidt).

105. *Diana no.* Theo. supplied these words to fill an obvious gap in the original text. The Camb. editors print "level; . . . queen of virgins," with the following note: "We have not inserted Theobald's admirable emendation in the text, because it is probable that something more has been omitted, perhaps a whole line of the MS."

106. *Her poor knight.* Theobald's emendation is strongly confirmed by the address to Diana in *Much Ado*, v. 3. 12:

> "Pardon, goddess of the night,
> Those that slew thy virgin knight."

On the ellipsis in *suffer her poor knight surprised*, cf. *R. of L.* 1832:

> "That they will suffer these abominations,
> Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
> By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd."

D. quotes Drayton, *Harmonie of the Church*, 1591: "And suffer not their mouthes shut up, oh Lord;" Greene, *Penelopes Web:* "ingratitude in suffering the princesse iniury vnreuenged," etc. We find the *to* of the active infinitive omitted after *suffer* in *Temp.* iii. 1. 62 and *T. and C.* ii. 3. 196.

109. *Held my duty.* Rowe inserted "it" after *held.*

110. *Sithence.* Since; an old form used by S. only here and in *Cor.* iii. 1. 47, where it is adverbial. For *sith*, which he uses often, see *Ham.* pp. 201, 246, 253. Gr. 132.

115. *Stall this.* Shut it up, keep it close.

119. *Ever.* Omitted by Pope and some other editors. Clarke paraphrases the line thus: "If ever we are thoroughly natural, or true to nature, these are our impulses."

121. *Our blood to us*, etc. As our disposition or temperament is native to us, so this is native (or natural) to our disposition.

125. *Such were our faults*, etc. Such were *our* faults—or, rather, we thought them no faults then; or, Such were our faults—or what then we thought no faults, whatever we may call them now. Hanmer changed *or* to "though," and Johnson (at the suggestion of Warb.) to "O!" Mr. J. Crosby conjectures "for." The Coll. MS. reads "Search we out faults, for," etc.

126. *Her eye is sick on 't.* "How graphically do these few words picture Helena's look! her eyes full of her yearning passion, her drooping lids unable to conceal the irrepressible love, her lashes heavy with sadness and late-shed tears" (Clarke). For *on* = of, see Gr. 181.

135. *And choice breeds*, etc. "And our choice furnishes us with a slip propagated to us from foreign seeds, which we educate and treat as if it were native to us and sprung from ourselves" (Heath); or, our choice makes the offspring of another our own.

139. *Curd thy blood.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 69: "And curd . . . The thin and wholesome blood." S. uses the verb only twice.

141. *That this distemper'd messenger*, etc. "There is something ex-

quisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eyelashes are wet with tears" (Henley). Cf. *R. of L.* 1586:

> "And round about her tear-distained eye
> Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky."

147. *Note.* Mark of distinction; as in "men of note" (*L. L. L.* iii. 1. 25), etc. Cf. v. 3. 14 below.

153. *Both our mothers.* The mother of us both.

154. *I care no more for*, etc. "There is a designed ambiguity. 'I care no more for' is 'I care as much for;' I wish it equally" (Farmer).

155. *Can 't no other*, etc. "Can it *be* no other *way*, but *if* I *be* your daughter, he must be my brother?" (Johnson).

159. *So strive upon.* So contend in affecting, so in turn affect.

160. *Catch'd.* Detected. This form of the participle is also found in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 69 and *R. and J.* iv. 5. 48. The past tense *catched* occurs only in *Cor.* i. 3. 68.

161. *Loneliness.* The folios have "louelinesse" (loveliness); corrected by Theo.

162. *Your salt tears' head.* "The source, the fountain of your tears, the cause of your grief" (Johnson).

Gross. Palpable. See *Ham.* p. 246; and cf. *grossly* in 168 below.

164. *Against.* In the face of.

168. *Behaviours.* For the plural, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 9, 100, *J. C.* i. 2. 42, etc.

169. *In their kind.* In their way, according to their nature. See on 59 above.

172. *You have wound a goodly clew.* You have made a pretty snarl of it; doubtless a proverbial expression.

173. *Howe'er.* However this may be, at all events.

178. *Go not about.* Do not quibble.

Bond. Duty, obligation. See *Lear*, p. 169, note on *According to my bond.*

181. *Appeach'd.* Given testimony against you. In the only other instances of the verb in S. (*Rich. II.* v. 2. 79, 102) it is transitive. Halliwell quotes Palsgrave: "I apeche, I accuse, *j'accuse*; kursed be the preest of God, that dyd apeche me wrongfully and without deservyng."

192. *Captious.* Explained by Malone as "*recipient*, capable of *receiving* what is put into it;" while *intenible* = "incapable of holding or retaining it." About the latter there can be no doubt, but the former is not so clear. Farmer conjectured "cap'cious," and Schmidt thinks the word is "probably = capacious." Sr. believes it is = the Latin *captiosus*, deceitful or fallacious. Clarke considers it "just possible" that S. may have intended to include "something of all these meanings" in the word. If it has but one of the meanings, we are inclined to think it is the first (Malone's); and this seems to be favoured by what follows: I still *pour into* this recipient sieve, though it continually *loses* what it receives.

194. *And lack not to lose still.* And do not want for more to go on losing; that is, have more love to throw away. Some make *lack* = fail, cease.

200. *Cites.* Shows, proves. "As a fact is *proved* by *citing* witnesses, or examples from books, our author, with his usual license, uses to *cite* in the same sense of to *prove*" (Malone).

203. *Both herself and love.* Both herself and love itself—at once purity and passion. It is not necessary to make love = *Venus*, as Malone does.

204. *That.* Needlessly changed by Hanmer to "she."

213. *Manifest.* Notorious, well-known; changed in the Coll. MS. to "manifold."

214. *For general sovereignty.* "For sovereign remedies in various cases" (Clarke).

215. *Bestow.* This is probably = "treasure up, keep carefully" (Clarke), not "employ," as Schmidt explains it. Cf. *Sonn.* 26. 8:

> "But that I hope some good conceit of thine
> In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;"

that is, will treasure it up in thy heart.

216. *Notes whose faculties*, etc. "Receipts in which greater *virtues* were inclosed than appeared to observation" (Johnson).

219. *Languishings whereof*, etc. Lingering disease, with which the king is said to be hopelessly afflicted.

224. *Conversation.* Intercourse, interchange. Clarke sees in it also something of the original sense of the Latin *conversatio*, "conveying the whirl, the tossing to and fro in ceaseless discussion, of Helena's toiling *thoughts*."

231. *Embowell'd of their doctrine.* "Exhausted of their skill" (Johnson). *Left off*=abandoned, given up.

232. *In 't.* Changed by Hanmer (the conjecture of Warb.) to "hints;" but S. does not use *hint* as a verb.

237. *To try success.* To try the issue, to try my fortune. Cf. iii. 6. 48, 71 below.

240. *Knowingly.* From knowledge or experience. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 3. 46:

> "Did you but know the city's usuries,
> And felt them knowingly?"

243. *Those of mine.* Those who are related to me; the *kinsmen* of ii. 2. 56 below.

244. *Into.* The reading of the 1st and 2d folios, changed in the 3d to "unto," and by Hanmer to "upon." Cf. the use of *into* in *T. N.* v. i. 87, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 102, ii. 2. 173, *T. and C.* iii. 3. 12, *Ham.* ii. 2. 28, etc.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Lords.* The folio reading, changed by Hanmer and others to "lord;" but the old stage-direction has "*divers young Lords.*" Probably, as the Camb. editors suggest, the young noblemen are divided into two sections according as they intend to take service with the "Florentines" or the "Senoys." Cf. i. 2. 13–15 above.

6. *After well enter'd soldiers.* After *being* well initiated as soldiers. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* v. 248: "After his charge receiv'd." Gr. 418.

9. *He owes.* Changed by Pope to "it owns;" but *owe* often = own in S. Cf. ii. 5. 77, iii. 2. 116, and v. 3. 292 below.

Steevens paraphrases the passage thus: "As the common phrase is, *I am still heart-whole;* my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper, do not acknowledge its influence."

12. *Let higher Italy*, etc. An obscure and not improbably corrupt passage. *Higher Italy* is commonly explained as Upper Italy; but Warb. took it to refer to rank or dignity as compared with France, and Clarke makes it = "the noblest of Italy, the worthiest among Italians." Johnson gives the following paraphrase: "Let upper Italy, *where you are to exercise your valour*, see that you come to gain honour, to the *abatement*, that is, to the disgrace and depression, of those *that have now lost their ancient military fame, and* inherit but the fall of the last monarchy." K. explains it thus: "Be you the sons of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy (the Italian nation or people) see that you come to wed honour; but I except those, as unfit judges of honour, who inherit, not the Roman virtues, but the humiliation of the Roman decay and fall." Taking the passage as it stands, we prefer this interpretation to Johnson's; and we think that Schmidt's conjecture of "high" for *higher* is very probable, though we cannot accept his definition of *bated*—"beaten down" (as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 32). Coleridge conjectured "hired" for *higher*, and favoured (as W. does) Hanmer's reading of "bastards" for *bated*. Capell suggested "bated ones."

16. *Questant.* Seeker. Cf. *questrist* in *Lear*, iii. 7. 17. The later folios have "question," and the Coll. MS. "questor."

21. *Beware of being captives*, etc. "The word *serve* is equivocal; the sense is, Be not captives before you serve in the war" (Johnson).

25. *Spark.* Parolles uses the word in the same personal sense again in 40 below.

27. *Kept a coil with.* Made a fuss about. *Coil*, meaning turmoil, disturbance, is often used ironically or contemptuously = ado, "fuss." See *R. and J.* p. 178, or *M. N. D.* p. 168. The pointing in the text is Capell's. Some editors follow Pope in making *Too young*, etc., the object of *with*.

30. *The forehorse to a smock.* "Ushering in and squiring ladies" (Schmidt). For the contemptuous figurative use of *smock*, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 109: "Two, two; a shirt and a smock."

33. *To dance with.* As Steevens notes, it was usual, in Shakespeare's time, for gentlemen to dance with their swords on. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 11. 36:

> "he at Philippi kept
> His sword e'en like a dancer."

But as the ordinary weapon would have been in the way, rapiers, light and short, were worn in its stead. Halliwell quotes Stafford, *English Politcy*, 1581: "I think wee were as much dread or more of our enemies, when our gentlemen went simply and our serving-men plainely, without cuts or gards, bearing their heavy swordes and buckelers on their thighes, instead of cuts and gardes and light daunsing swordes."

34. *There's honour in the theft.* Steevens quotes *Mach.* ii. 3. 151:

> "there's warrant in that theft
> Which steals itself."

36. *Is a tortur'd body.* Is like a dismembered body, since *I grow to you.*

41. *Spurio.* "By the very name here given, S. has indicated this personage to be a mere sham or invention of Parolles. In Florio's *Ital. Dict. spurio* is explained 'one base born; used also for a counterfeit'" (Clarke).

With his cicatrice, etc. The folio reads: "his sicatrice, with an Embleme;" corrected by Theo.

43. *Entrenched.* Cut. Cf. *trench* in *V. and A.* 1052, *Macb.* iii. 4. 27, etc.

51. *List.* Boundary, limit. See *Ham.* p. 249, or *Hen. V.* p. 186.

Expressive. Communicative; the only instance of the word in S.

52. *Wear themselves in the cap of the time.* Are the ornaments of the age. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 233: "On Fortune's cap we are not the very button." Warb. explained it, "to be foremost in the fashion."

Muster true gait. Perhaps = muster *with* the true gait, the fashionable style of walking. Heath conjectured "master," and the Coll. MS. has "they do master." If it were not Parolles who is speaking, we might suspect some corruption of the text; but it is probably only his fantastic corruption of language.

54. *The most received star.* The leader of fashion for the time.

For *measure* — dance, see *Rich. II.* p. 168, or *R. and J.* p. 153.

61. *Fee.* The old eds. have "see," which K., W., and Clarke retain. The emendation is due to Theo. We adopt it because it seems in keeping with the free-and-easy relations of the king and the old courtier.

62. *Brought.* Changed by Theo. to "bought;" but it may mean "brought his pardon with him," or "brought what will gain his pardon;" alluding to Helena (Clarke).

67. *Across.* To break a lance *across* the body of an adversary, and not by a direct thrust, was considered disgraceful. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 4. 44: "Swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose;" *Much Ado*, v. 1. 139: "give them another staff; this last was broke cross" (where, as here, the reference is to a contest of wit), etc.

71. *My noble grapes.* Omitted by Hanmer as superfluous; but the *my* is emphatic.

72. *Medicine.* Physician; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 598 (see our ed. p. 203), and perhaps in *Macb.* v. 2. 27 (see our ed. p. 248). Cotgrave has "*Medicine*, a she phisition."

74. *Canary.* A lively dance. Cf. the play upon the word in *M. W.* iii. 2. 89–91:

"*Host.* Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance."

The verb (= dance) occurs in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 12: "to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet," etc.

76. *Araise.* Changed by Pope to "raise," and by the Coll. MS. to "upraise." See Wb. Halliwell says that the word occurs frequently in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur.*

77. *In 's.* For the contraction, cf. 104 and iv. 2. 70 below. See also *Temp.* ii. 2. 155, *W. T.* ii. 3. 100, etc. It will be remembered that Charlemagne could not write.

Malone thought a line had been lost between this and the next; but the construction is not more elliptical than elsewhere in the play.

82. *Deliverance.* Delivery, utterance; as in ii. 5. 3 below. Cf. also 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 97: "at each word's deliverance."

83. *Profession.* What she professes to be able to do. Cf. *Lear*, v. 3. 130: "My oath and my profession," etc.

85. *Than I dare blame my weakness.* One of the many somewhat obscure expressions in this play. Steevens explains it thus: "To acknowledge how much she has astonished me would be to acknowledge a weakness; and this I am unwilling to do." Mason says: "Lafeu's meaning appears to be, that the amazement she excited in him was so great that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it." Clarke's interpretation is: "hath filled me with more well-grounded astonishment than with weak credulity deserving blame." We are disposed to accept Mason's explanation, though Halliwell has perhaps expressed it better: "my amazement is too great for me to accuse my weakness of creating it; I cannot impute my surprise to my credulity."

88. *The admiration.* This wonder; the abstract for the concrete.

93. *Come your ways.* More common in S. than *come your way.* See *Ham.* p. 191.

97. *Cressid's uncle.* The Pandarus of *T. and C.* Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 83: "Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become?" and *T. N.* iii. 1. 58: "I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus."

102. *Well found.* Well skilled, expert. Cf. *well seen* in *T. of S.* i. 2. 134. Steevens explains it as = "of known, acknowledged excellence."

104. *On 's.* See on 77 above. Many eds. give "on his."

108. *Triple.* Third; as in *A. and C.* i. 1. 12: "The triple pillar of the world."

111. *Honour . . . power.* Rann transposed these nouns (Johnson's suggestion).

121. *To prostitute.* For the ellipsis of *as* here and in 123, see Gr. 281.

123. *To esteem*, etc. As to think well of an unreasonable remedy when we deem all remedy past reasonable expectation.

128. *A modest one.* "One acknowledging that I am modest" (Schmidt); or, better, "a moderately favourable one" (Clarke).

131. *Wish him live.* For the ellipsis of *to*, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 159: "That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve." Gr. 349.

135. *Set up your rest.* Have made up your mind, are fully resolved. See *M. of V.* p. 139.

138. *So holy writ*, etc. Cf. *Matt.* xi. 25 and 1 *Cor.* i. 27. St. compares *Dan.* i. 17, 20. *Great floods* alludes to the smiting of the rock in Horeb.

141. *When miracles*, etc. Referring to the passage of the Red Sea when miracles had been denied, or *not hearkened to*, by Pharaoh (Holt White).

144. *Fits.* The early eds. have "shifts." *Fits*, the conjecture of Theo.,

is also found in the Coll. MS. Some editors adopt Pope's reading, "sits." Cf. *Sonn.* 120. 12, where "fits" (=befits, as here) rhymes with "hits."

147. *Took.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 50: "Where I have took them up," etc. Gr. 343.

150. *Square our guess by shows.* "Form our conjectures according to appearances" (Clarke).

155. *That proclaim*, etc. "That proclaim one thing and design another, that *proclaim* a cure and *aim* at a fraud; I think what I speak" (Johnson). Clarke thinks it means "proclaim myself as being of equal importance with the object I hope to achieve." On *level*, see *W. T.* p. 168, or *R. and J.* p. 190.

162. *His diurnal ring.* His daily circuit.

163. *Murk.* Schmidt takes this to be a noun, but it may be an adjective (=*murky*, which S. uses elsewhere), as others explain it. We find it as a noun in *Piers Plowman* and other early English, but it is an adjective in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, 5342:

> "The shadowe maketh her bemys merke,
> And hir hornes to shewe derke."

165. *The pilot's glass.* The hour-glass. Cf. *Sonn.* 126. 2: "Time's fickle glass," etc.

170. *Tax.* Charge, reproach; the only instance of the noun in S. except *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 246, where it has its ordinary meaning. Cf. the verb in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 71, and see our ed. p. 164.

173. *Nay, worst of worst*, etc. The 1st folio has "ne worse of worst;" the later folios change "ne" to "no." The emendation in the text is due to Malone, who paraphrases the passage thus: "And—what is the worst of worst, the consummation of misery—my body being extended on the rack by the most cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my presumption." There is not much to choose between this reading and Hanmer's and Rann's "*the* worst of worst," etc., adopted by W., D., and others. V. retains the original text, explaining thus: "and, in addition (although that would not be worse, or a more *extended* evil than what I have mentioned—the loss of my honour, which is the worst that could happen) let me die with torture." For *ne*=nor, cf. *Per.* ii. prol. 36. K. reads "no worse of worst," etc. St. conjectures "and, worst of worst expended." For many other emendations, see the Camb. ed. Schmidt would follow the folio, explaining essentially as V. does. In adopting Malone's reading we do not accept his pointing ("worst of worst, extended"), nor his interpretation of *extended*, which, in our opinion, simply intensifies the meaning of *worst of worst:* the *very* worst, and *more* than that. If we joined it with what follows, as he does, we should take it to be=after being *prolonged* with torture.

175. *Spirit.* Monosyllabic (=*sprite*), as often. Gr. 463.

176. *His powerful sound.* Changed by Hanmer to "It powerful sounds," and by Warb. to "His power full sounds." *Sound* is, we think, the direct object of *speak*, as the Camb. editors and Schmidt make it. Some put a comma after *speak*, and assume that *speaking* is "understood" after *sound.*

177. *And what impossibility*, etc. "And that which, if I trusted to my

reason, I should think impossible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting" (Malone).

180. *In thee hath estimate.* "May be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee" (Johnson).

181. *Youth, beauty*, etc. Theo. inserted "virtue" after *courage*, and the Coll. MS. "honour," to fill out the measure.

182. *Prime.* "Youth; the spring or morning of life" (Johnson). Tyrwhitt conjectured "pride," and Mason "in prime."

184. *Monstrous.* Adverbial; as in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 54.

185. *Practiser.* Practitioner, physician.

187. *Property.* Explained by Malone as = "due performance;" but it is rather "particular quality" or "that which is proper to," as Schmidt and Clarke make it.

191. *Make it even.* Fulfil it.

192. *Heaven.* The early eds. have "helpe" or "help;" but Thirlby's conjecture of *heaven* is generally adopted, as a rhyme is evidently intended.

198. *Image.* Representative; needlessly changed by Warb. to "impage (=grafting)."

204. *Resolv'd.* Accented on the first syllable, like *enjoin'd* in iii. 5. 91 below. Cf. Gr. 492. See also Schmidt, p. 1413.

210. *Word.* Thy word, or promise. For *meed* the folios have "deed."

SCENE II.—3. *Highly fed.* Well fed, with a play upon the phrase, which seems sometimes to have been = well bred. There is also an allusion to the proverb, "Better fed than taught," of which Halliwell quotes sundry instances, among them the following from Heywood's *Epigrammes*, 1577:

> "Thou art better fed then taught, I undertake,
> And yet art thou skin and bone, leane as a rake."

Cf. ii. 4. 36 below.

8. *Make a leg.* Make a bow; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 175. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 169, note on *My leg;* and cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 95.

15. *Like a barber's chair*, etc. A proverbial expression, found in Ray's *Proverbs* and elsewhere. Steevens quotes *More Fooles Yet*, 1610:

> "Moreover sattin sutes he doth compare
> Unto the service of a barber's chayre;
> As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,
> As for a knight or worthy gentleman."

16. *Pin-buttock, quatch-buttock*, and *brawn-buttock.* Thin, flat, and fleshy, respectively.

20. *French crown.* Bald head. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 99; and see *Hen. V.* p. 175. On *taffeta*, see *T. N.* p. 141, or 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 142. It was much worn by women of the town.

Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger. Tib was a cant term for a woman, and often associated with *Tom*, as *Jill* with *Jack* (see *M. N. D.* p. 171). The allusion is to the old practice of marrying with a *rush ring*, a dubious sort of union. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's ed.), ii. 107.

21. *A morris.* A morris-dance. See *Hen. V.* p. 159, or Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare.*

24. *The pudding to his skin.* The sausage to its skin.

34. *To be young again,* etc. "The Countess follows up the Clown's remark as if it were an incomplete sentence; making it form a smiling vindication of her beguiling time by listening to his fooleries, and thus bringing back something of the light-heartedness of youth" (Clarke).

37. *O Lord, sir!* An expression much in vogue at court and in fashionable circles, in the poet's time, and ridiculed also by other writers.

51. *I play the noble huswife,* etc. Spoken ironically of course. For *huswife* (the usual spelling in the folio), see *Hen. V.* p. 183.

SCENE III.—*Enter* LAFEU *and* PAROLLES. The folio has "*Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.*" It also gives the last sentence of the first speech (*Why, 't is the rarest,* etc.) to "*Par.,*" and the next speech (*And so 't is*) to "*Ros.*" or Bertram. At 51 below it has the stage-direction "*Enter 3 or 4 Lords.*" The whole scene appears to have been badly muddled by the printer, and has been variously re-arranged by the editors. The emendations we have adopted in the stage-directions, and in the assignment of the speeches mentioned above, are due to Walker. It is evident that Bertram is not intended to make his appearance until the King has sent to summon "all the lords in court."

2. *Modern.* Common, ordinary. See *Macb.* p. 243, or *R. and J.* p. 188. Cf. v. 3. 214 below.

3. *Causeless.* Coleridge remarks that S. uses the word here "in its strict philosophical sense, cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural."

4. *Into.* "Sometimes found with verbs of rest implying motion" (Gr. 159). Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 361, *Rich. III.* v. 5. 51, etc.

9. *Relinquished of the artists.* Given up by the learned physicians. S. uses *artist* only three times, and only with this sense of learning or scholarship. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 24: "The wise and fool, the artist and unread;" and *Per.* ii. 3. 15:

> "In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
> To make some good, but others to exceed;
> And you are her labour'd scholar."

13. *Authentic.* Acknowledged as authorities. Malone remarks that the word was "particularly applied to the learned."

26. *Dolphin.* Steevens thinks this refers to the *Dauphin,* or heir apparent to the throne, whose name is so spelled in the books of the time (cf. *Hen. V.* p. 150, note on *Dauphin*); and Clarke believes that there is at least a punning allusion to that personage. We are inclined to think, however, that *Dolphin* here is "a plain fish" (*Temp.* v. 1. 266), and nothing more.

29. *Facinerious.* A word of Parolles's own coining, which Steevens "corrected" into "facinorous." Halliwell thinks he was right in doing so, as Parolles does not elsewhere make such blunders. He cites among examples of *facinorous,* Heywood, *Eng. Traveller:* "And magnified for high facinorous deeds."

33. *In a most weak—*. Johnson would continue Lafeu's speech to *king*, giving Parolles only *As to be—*. The Camb. editors conjecture that, after Lafeu's *In a most weak—*, Parolles says again, *Ay, so I say;* and that the next two speeches belong to Lafeu, with a pause before *generally thankful.*

40. *Lustig.* The Dutch *lustigh*, lusty, active, sprightly. The early eds. have "Lustique" or "Lustick."

42. *A coranto.* A lively dance. See *T. N.* p. 126, or *Hen. V.* p. 166.

43. *Mort du vinaigre!* "Mor du vinager" in the folios. Coll. reads "Mort du vainquer!"

44. *Fore God, I think so.* Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, a following up of Lafeu's own speech just before, and not a reply to Parolles.

48. *Repeal'd.* Called back, restored. See *Oth.* p. 180, or *J. C.* p. 157 (note on *The repealing of my banish'd brother*).

50. *Attends.* Awaits; as in *M. W.* i. 1. 279: "The dinner attends you, sir," etc.

57. *But one.* That is, but one mistress. Most editors adopt Mason's explanation: "one only excepted," namely, Bertram, whose mistress she hoped to be. "She makes the exception," he says, "out of modesty; for otherwise the description of a fair and virtuous mistress would have extended to herself." There would be no "modesty," however, in excepting *virtuous.* V. and H. agree with Mason, but W. does not.

58. *Curtal.* The word means "having a docked tail," and elsewhere in S. (*M. W.* ii. 1. 114, *C. of E.* iii. 2. 151, *P. P.* 273) it is applied to a dog.

59. *Broken.* "A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth" (Johnson).

60. *And writ as little beard.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 30: "I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; . . . and yet he 'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor."

Peruse them well. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 94: "that we may peruse the men;" *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 75: "I have perus'd her well," etc.

70. *The white death.* The paleness of death. Warb. strangely wished to read "dearth" for *death.*

74. *Imperial Love.* As Coll. remarks, these words illustrate curiously the progress of error. The first folio has "imperiall loue;" the 2d "imperiall Ioue," the *I* in "Ioue" being mistaken for an *I.* The 3d folio alters *imperial* to "impartiall," so that the *imperial love* of the 1st folio becomes "impartial Jove!"

76. *All the rest is mute.* I have no more to say to you. Steevens compares *Ham.* v. 2. 369: "The rest is silence."

77. *Ames-ace.* Two aces; the lowest throw at dice. He ironically contrasts this ill luck with the good luck of having a chance in the present choice.

85. *Do they all deny her?* As Johnson notes, none of them have denied her, or afterwards deny her, except Bertram. Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance where they see what passes between Helena and the lords, but do not hear what is said; so that they do not know by whom the refusal is made.

98. *There 's one grape yet*, etc. Theo., Hanmer, and Warb. divided this speech between Lafeu and Parolles, giving to the latter *I am sure thy father drank wine;* but Johnson explains the old text thus: "Old Lafeu having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram, who remained, cries out, 'There is one yet into whom his father put good blood —but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass.'" W. thinks that "the hopes first expressed by the old courtier are dashed by Bertram's turning away from Helena as she pauses before him, and before she has spoken." We prefer Johnson's explanation, as there is evidence in other parts of the play that Lafeu has no very high opinion of Bertram's judgment; as, for instance, his seeing how the young fellow is deceived in Parolles.

113. *Charge.* Expense, cost; as in iii. 5. 95 below.

116. *Title.* That is, the *want* of title or rank. Clarke thinks that *title* refers to the one Bertram has just given Helena—*a poor physician's daughter.*

118. *Of colour*, etc. "Of the *same* colour, etc." (Malone); or *of*=as regards (Gr. 173). The latter is perhaps to be preferred.

119. *Confound distinction.* Make it impossible to distinguish them.

122. *Dislikest of.* Cf. *like of* in *Much Ado*, v. 4. 59: "I am your husband if you like of me," etc.

126. *Additions swell 's.* Titles inflate us, puff us up. The reading is that of the 1st folio, the 2d having "addition swell's," and the 3d and 4th "addition swells." For *addition*, see *Macb.* p. 164.

128. *Vileness is so.* Vileness is like it in that respect; that is, it is *vile* without a name. Various changes in pointing and wording have been proposed, but none is necessary. Malone paraphrases the passage well: "Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title: so vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear."

129. *Property.* The intrinsic quality.

133. *Challenges itself.* Asserts its claim. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 438: "When she shall challenge this, you will reject her."

134. *Thrive.* The later folios, followed by some modern eds., read "best thrive;" but *sire* is a dissyllable. Gr. 480.

137. *Debosh'd.* Debauched; the only form of the word in the folio. Cf. v. 3. 204 below, and see *Lear*, p. 192. Here it is=prostituted, perverted.

145. *To choose.* That is, to try to do otherwise than love her. Cf. *cannot choose* in i. 3. 204 above.

148. *Which to defeat.* Elliptical for "which *danger* to defeat." Theo. changed *defeat* to "defend."

151. *Misprision.* "Undervaluing, contempt" (Schmidt). Elsewhere in S. it is=mistake, misapprehension. See *Much Ado*, p. 156, or *M. N. D.* p. 162.

153. *Poising us.* Adding the weight of our influence or patronage.

157. *Travails in.* Is working for. The 3d folio has "travells," and the 4th "travels." The forms *travail* and *travel* are used indiscriminately in the early eds.

158. *Presently.* Immediately; the usual meaning in S. See *M. of V.* p. 131.

162. *Staggers.* "Perplexity, bewilderment" (Schmidt), or "unsteady courses" (Clarke). For *careless* (=heedless) Walker suggests "cureless."

167. *Fancy.* Probably=love (cf. i. 1. 91), as generally explained; but it may be=liking, taste, as in iv. 1. 16 below.

168. *Dole.* Dealing out, allotment. See *W. T.* p. 156.

175. *More replete.* More than an equivalent.

177. *Contract.* Accented on the last syllable; as often. See *R. and J.* p. 166. Gr. 490.

178. *Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief.* Perhaps=shall seem expedient to follow the mandate just given. According to Cowell (*Law Dict.* 1607), a *brief* is "any precept of the king in writing, issuing out of any court, whereby he commands any thing to be done." Steevens takes *expedient* to be=expeditious, quick (cf. *K. John*, p. 141), and the *now-born brief*="the contract recently and suddenly made." "The ceremony of it (says the king) shall seem to hasten after its short preliminary, and be performed to-night." Warb. reads "new-born." The 1st and 2d folios have "now borne," the others "now born."

180. *Shall more attend*, etc. Shall be deferred to a future day when we may expect friends now absent.

182. *Thy love to me 's religious.* Thy loyalty to me is fulfilled as a sacred obligation.

Exeunt, etc. The folios have the stage-direction: "*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding;*" which, as Steevens remarks, must be "only the marginal note of a prompter."

198. *I write man.* I claim to be a man. See on 60 above.

201. *For two ordinaries.* "While I sat twice with thee at table" (Johnson). For *ordinary*=meal, cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 230:

> "goes to the feast,
> And for his ordinary pays his heart
> For what his eyes eat only."

202. *Of thy travel.* Cf. ii. 5. 27 below; and see *K. John*, p. 136, note on *Your traveller.*

203. *Scarfs and the bannerets.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 15: "The scarfed bark."

205. *Found thee.* Found thee out; as in ii. 4. 31 and v. 2. 39 below. See also *Ham.* p. 220. Here there is a play upon the word; as upon *taking up* just below.

208. *Antiquity.* Age; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 208, etc. Cf. *ancient* in *T. of S.* v. 1. 75, *W. T.* iv. 4. 79, 372, etc.

211. *Thy trial.* That is, your being tested and found wanting.

212. *Window of lattice.* The metaphor is sufficiently explained by what follows. Clarke sees also a reference to the lattice windows of alehouses. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 164.

225. *In the default.* "At a need" (Johnson and Schmidt), or in default of other testimony.

230. *As I will by thee*, etc. "That is, will *pass* by thee as fast as I am

able; and he immediately goes out" (Malone). Warb. supposed a line to be lost after *past.*

233. *Scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!* "By the mere repetition of this epithet *scurvy* here, and by the sputtered broken sentence, *I 'll have no more pity*, etc., how well S. has given the effect of the impotent rage, the fuming aggravation, and teeth-grinding threats of Parolles, when left alone; and then the exquisite comedy touch of *I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again*, followed up by the immediate re-entrance of Lafeu!" (Clarke).

247. *Garter up thy arms*, etc. Halliwell cites Fairholt, who shows how *servants* used to gather up their long sleeves and tuck them into their girdles, in order that these fashionable appendages might not be in the way while they were attending to their duties.

250. *Methinks.* The folio has "meethink'st," perhaps for "methinks 't" = *it thinks me*, it seems to me. See *Ham.* p. 269, note on *Thinks 't thee.*

252. *Breathe themselves.* Exercise themselves. See on i. 2. 16 above.

254. *For picking a kernel*, etc. That is, for the pettiest of small thefts.

257. *Commission.* Warrant. Some editors follow Hanmer in transposing *commission* and *heraldry.* The Coll. MS. has "condition" for *commission.*

265. *Bed.* For the verb, cf. iii. 2. 21 below. See also *T. of S.* i. 1. 149.

275. *Kicky-wicky.* The 1st folio has "Kickie wickie," the later folios "kicksie wicksie" or "kicksy wicksy." "It is a ludicrous word, of no definite meaning, except, perhaps, to imply restlessness" (Nares).

278. *To.* Compared with; as in 287 and iii. 5. 56 below. Gr. 187.

279. *Jades.* For the masculine use, see *K. John*, p. 148.

285. *Furnish me to.* Equip me for. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 182: "To furnish thee to Belmont," etc.

287. *Detested.* The folios have "detected;" corrected by Theo. Cf. iii. 5. 62 below.

288. *Capriccio.* Caprice, whim (Italian).

293. *A young man married*, etc. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 25:

> "*Shallow.* You may by marrying.
> *Evans.* It is marring indeed," etc.

See also *R. and J.* p. 146, note on *Made.*

SCENE IV.—31. *Found.* See on ii. 3. 205 above.

36. *Well fed.* "An allusion, perhaps, to the old saying, 'Better fed than taught;' to which the Clown has himself alluded in a preceding scene" (Ritson). See on ii. 2. 3 above.

41. *To a compell'd restraint.* The 3d folio changes *to* to "by;" but *to* naturally follows *puts off*, and implies *to* the time to which the *restraint compels* postponement.

42. *Whose* refers to *prerogative.* The *sweets* are those of anticipation. Malone quotes *T. and C.* iii. 2. 19:

> "expectation whirls me round.
> The imaginary relish is so sweet

> That it enchants my sense; what will it be
> When that the watery palate tastes indeed
> Love's thrice repured nectar?"

43. *The curbed time.* The period of *compelled restraint.*

49. *May make it probable need.* May make it seem like necessity.

50. *This.* That is, the king's permission to depart.

SCENE V.—2. *Valiant approof.* Approved valour. See on i. 2. 50 above.

5. *Dial.* Probably = watch. See *A. Y. L.* p. 163.

A bunting. "The *bunting* is, in feather, size, and form, so like the *skylark*, as to require nice attention to discover the one from the other; it also ascends and sinks in the air nearly in the same manner: but it has little or no song, which gives estimation to the *skylark*" (Johnson).

8. *Accordingly.* In proportion, equally.

17. *I, sir.* For the repetition of *I*, see *R. and J.* p. 180. The Var. of 1821 has "O, I know him well: Ay, sir," etc. (not noted in the Camb. ed.).

26. *End.* The folios have "And." The correction is from the Egerton MS. Halliwell quotes Warner, *Albions England:* "Their lofty heads have leaden heeles, and end where they begun."

36. *Like him that leaped into the custard.* The Lord Mayor's fool used actually to do this at civic entertainments, an enormous custard being prepared for the purpose. Theo. quotes B. J., *The Devil's an Ass*, i. 1:

> "He may, perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
> Skip with a rhyme o' the table, from New-nothing,
> And take his Almain-leap into a custard,
> Shall make my lady mayoress, and her sisters,
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

44. *Of them.* Some of them, such creatures. For this partitive use of *of*, cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 217: "You have of these pedlers," etc. Gr. 177.

45. *Have or will to deserve.* The reading of the 1st folio; the later folios omit *to.* It is = have deserved or will deserve. Malone conjectures "have *qualities or* will to deserve," and Sr. "*wit or* will."

47. *Idle.* Silly; as in iv. 3. 196 below: "a foolish idle boy."

48. *I think so.* Some read "I think *not* so;" which, it seems to us, in avoiding one difficulty—if it be a difficulty (*common speech*, etc.)—creates another, in the interpretation of the next line. The passage, as it stands, may be interpreted well enough, as Clarke does it: "Bertram, light-judging, unprincipled, without respect for goodness and moral worth, carelessly assents to Parolles' remark; while the latter, surprised to hear his vituperation confirmed, asks 'Why, do you not know him?' Then Bertram replies: 'Oh, yes, I know him thoroughly, and he passes with the generality of persons for a most worthy man.'" There is really an antithesis between "*I* think so" and "*common speech* gives him a worthy pass."

54. *Parting.* Departing. See *M. of V.* p. 145.

57. *Holds not colour with.* Is not in keeping with.

59. *On my particular.* On my part, so far as I personally am con-

cerned. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 9. 20: "Forgive me in thine own particular;" and see also *Lear*, p. 214, note on *For his particular*.

63. *Muse.* Wonder. See *Mach.* p. 219, or *K. John*, p. 158.

64. *Respects.* Motives, reasons. See *Rich. III.* p. 220, or *K. John*, p. 158.

77. *Owe.* Own. See on ii. 1. 9 above.

87. *Where are my other men*, etc. In the folio this line is given to Helena. Theo. transferred it to Bertram, to whom it probably belongs. The case is not, however, so clear as the editors generally regard it; for, as W. remarks, "Helena, as the wife of the Count of Rousillon, or even as his mother's ward, about to set out on a journey, would certainly need and have quite a retinue, including some armed men."

90. *Coragio!* Courage! Used also by Stephano in *Temp.* v. 1. 258.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—6. *Opposer.* Changed by Hanmer to "opposer's;" but cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 27:

> "More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
> From every meaner man."

10. *Yield.* Give you, inform you of.

11. *But like.* Except as. *Outward*—"one not in the secret of affairs" (Warb.).

12. *That frames*, etc. Who tries to make out the great idea of a council in his own imperfect way. This interpretation seems to us clearly confirmed by what follows. Clarke explains the whole passage thus: "The reasons of our state I cannot give you, excepting as an ordinary and uninitiated man, whom the august body of a government-council creates with power unable of itself to act, or with power incapable of acting of its own accord and independently." Warb. changed *motion* to "notion." Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 3. 14:

> "I see it in
> My motion, have it not in my tongue."

17. *Nature.* Changed by Rowe to "nation." *The younger of our nature*=young fellows like us.

22. *Better.* Those higher in rank, your superiors in office. It seems to refer to *places*, but means those who fill the places.

For your avails. For your advantage; as bringing you promotion. The plural is used because more than one person is referred to. See *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights*. S. uses the noun *avail* only here and in i. 3. 174 above.

SCENE II.—7. *The ruff.* Probably the ruff, or *ruffle*, of the boot (the part turned over at the top), as Whalley explains it; not the ruff worn on the neck, as it is elsewhere (*T. of S.* iv. 3. 56, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 145, 157, and *Per.* iv. 2. 111), and as Schmidt makes it here. If it were the latter, we should expect "*his* ruff." According to Fairholt, the fashion of wear-

ing ruffs round the boot originated in France, and was introduced into England in the latter part of the 16th century. They were made of as delicate and costly material as the lace worn round a lady's neck, and their resemblance to a ruff is well shown in contemporaneous drawings.

8. *Hold.* The reading of the 1st and 2d folios; the 3d and 4th, followed by most modern eds., have "sold." Some explain *hold* as referring to the tenure by which he held the manor; but more likely, as W. says, it means "the value he set on it: he held it worth a song, or, in other words, he loved music more than money." That a man should literally sell a manor for a song is not probable, but the Clown in his exaggerating style might very likely say that he reckoned it worth no more than a song. For *knew* the folios have "know," which some retain.

13. *Ling.* A fish (the *Gadus molva*) formerly much eaten in England during Lent. "The Clown probably uses *ling* for meagre food in general, as he uses *Isbels* for waiting-women generally" (Clarke).

18. *E'en.* Misprinted "In" in the folios; corrected by Theo.

21. *Shall hear.* Will hear, are sure to hear. Gr. 315.

28. *Misprising.* Undervaluing, despising (Fr. *mépriser*). See *A. Y. L.* p. 140, and cf. *misprision* in ii. 3. 151 above.

39. *Was run.* Had run. Cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 25: "My life is run his compass," etc. Gr. 295.

46. *Woman me.* Make me show a woman's weakness. At first the expression seems a strange one in a woman's mouth, and Schmidt suggests that it may mean "to make a servant, to subdue;" but we think it is simply=to be affected as women usually are.

48. *Thitherward.* Going thither. Cf. 63 below.

51. *Passport.* Clarke remarks: "Helena uses this word as an equivalent for 'permission to pass from life, sentence of death.' A passage from Sidney will illustrate this: 'Giving his reason passport for to pass whither it would, so it would let him die.'"

52. *Upon my finger.* Which is upon my finger. Warb., misunderstanding it, changed *upon* to "from;" and Johnson at first thought of reading "upon thy finger which never shall come off mine."

59. *Have a better cheer.* We should now say, be of better cheer. For the original sense of *cheer*, see *M. of V.* p. 152.

60. *All the griefs are thine.* All *that* are thine. The ellipsis of the relative is common enough (see Gr. 244), but Mason wanted to read, "*as* thine." The meaning is "If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself" (Steevens).

61. *Moiety.* Often meaning a portion other than a half. See *W. T.* p. 169, or *Ham.* p. 174.

67. *Good convenience.* Propriety.

73. *Which, haply,* etc. The folio has "haply, which his heart," etc. It also prints the following speeches of 1 *Gentleman* as prose, with the Countess's in 88–92. The transposition in the text was made by D.

85. *With his inducement.* Induced by him, through his influence.

87. *Holds him much to have.* A puzzling passage. Theo. conjectured "soils" for *holds*, and Hanmer "'hoves [that is, behoves] him not much to have." Warb. says, "That is, his vices stand him in stead;" and

Heath thinks that the meaning is, "This fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him; that is, folly and ignorance." W. suggests that *that* in 86 may be "merely a definitive belonging to *too-much* in the sense of excess = *nimis*." Clarke believes that *holds*, if it be what S. wrote, is an abbreviation of *upholds*, and that the meaning is: "The fellow has a deal of that too-much (*too much* signifying excess of boastful talk, pretentiousness), which, he having, upholds him much in general opinion, maintains him in good estimation, or avails him well to possess." We are inclined to think that *too much* = excess. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 119:

> "For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
> Dies in his own too-much;"

and *Lear*, v. 3. 206: "To amplify too-much," etc. The real difficulty is in the *holds*, which W. does not explain, and which we think Clarke has the right idea of, though it is not necessary to consider the word a "contraction" of *uphold*. Cf. *hold* (= maintain) in i. 1. 71 above; where, by the by, Rann substituted "uphold." Possibly *holds* includes the meaning of "befits" as well as "upholds" (cf. what Helena says of Parolles in i. 1. 96: "Yet these fix'd evils *sit so fit* in him," etc.), but we can find no satisfactory authority for that sense. Schmidt makes *hold* = "to be fit, to be consistent," in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 34: "Thou sayst well, and it holds well too;" and in iv. 2. 27 below: "This has no holding," etc.; but in the former passage *holds well* seems equivalent to the familiar *holds good*, and in the latter *holding* is rather = binding force than fitness.

94. *Change.* Exchange, interchange; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 441, *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 93, *R. and J.* iii. 5. 31, etc.

102. *None-sparing.* Clarke has "non-sparing;" perhaps a misprint.

107. *Still-piecing.* Closing immediately, woundless. The 1st folio has "still peering" (which Schmidt thinks may possibly mean "motionless in appearance"), and the later folios "still piercing." The emendation in the text is an anonymous one first mentioned by Steevens, and adopted by D., W., St., V., Clarke, and others. *Piecing* would probably be "peecing" in the MS. The Coll. MS. has "wound the still-piecing air." Nares conjectured "still-pierced." V. quotes, in support of *still-piecing*, *Temp.* iii. 3. 63:

> "Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
> Kill the still-closing waters."

Bailey would read "still-closing" here. V. adds: "This idea is oriental and scriptural, and may well have been suggested by a passage in the apocryphal book of *The Wisdom of Solomon*: 'As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through.'"

114. *Ravin.* Ravenous. For the verb *ravin*, see *Mach.* p. 204. The 4th folio has "raving," and Rowe (2d ed.) gives "rav'ning."

116. *Owes.* See on ii. 1. 9 above.

118. *Whence.* From that place where. "The sense is, from that abode where all the advantage that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself" (Heath).

123. *Offic'd all.* Did all the *offices* or duties of the house, were the only servants. For the verb, cf. *Cor.* v. 2. 68: "cannot office me," etc. See also *W. T.* p. 156. The 1st folio has "angles" for *angels*.

125. *Consolate.* The only instance of the word in S. *Console* he does not use at all, and *consolation* only in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 191 and *A. and C.* i. 2. 75. Halliwell cites, among other instances of *consolate*, Sylvester's *Du Bartas:* "That which most grieves me, most doth consolate."

126. *Steal.* For the play upon the word, cf. ii. 1. 33, 34 above. See also *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 63.

SCENE III.—2. *Credence.* Confidence, trust; as in i. 2. 11 above and *T. and C.* v. 2. 120.

6. *Extreme.* Accented by S. on the first syllable, except in *Sonn.* 129. 4, 10; but the superlative is always *extrémest.* V. notes that Milton has adopted Shakespeare's phrase in *P. R.* i. 95:

> "Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
> Of hazard."

7. *Play.* "By using the word here S. ingeniously conveys the idea of favouring sunshine. Sunbeams *playing* upon an object is so familiar a form of speech that the mere introduction of the verb suggests the idea. Thus, by his masterly choice of words, does the poet often present, through the medium of a single syllable, a perfect metaphor, as well as a vivid picture to the imagination" (Clarke). Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 307:

> "And victory with little loss doth play
> Upon the dancing banners of the French."

SCENE IV.—4. *St. Jaques' pilgrim.* It is not likely that the poet had any particular shrine of St. James in mind, though the commentators have tried to give it a local habitation. *Jaques* is a dissyllable, as elsewhere. See *A. Y. L.* p. 152.

12. *His taken.* Rann conjectured "Herculean." The mention of *Juno* shows that the labours of Hercules are alluded to, but no change in the text is called for.

15. *Dogs.* Changed by Rowe to "dog," but two singular subjects often take a singular verb, or "the plural in *-s*," as Abbott prefers to call it. See Gr. 336.

19. *Advice.* "Discretion, or thought" (Johnson). Cf. "on more advice" = on more thought, on farther consideration; as in *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 43, etc.

23. *Over-night.* A noun; like *o'er-night* in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 227: "thy o'er-night's surfeit."

27. *Whom.* Changed by Hanmer to "which;" but the passage is simply one of those "confusions of construction" (see Gr. 409–416 so common in S. *Whom* first refers to *her* (Gr. 218), but in the second clause rather to *prayers.*

32. *Weigh.* "Value or esteem" (Steevens), with a kind of play upon the repeated word.

42. *And.* Changed by Hanmer to "but."

SCENE V.—1–14. *Nay, come . . . his companion.* Arranged in the folio as seventeen lines of verse; as prose first by Pope.

7. *Tucket.* A flourish on the trumpet; the "tucket sonance" of *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 35 (see our ed. p. 176).

16. *A filthy officer.* One who does a filthy office. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 45, *T. of S.* v. 2. 37, etc.

Suggestions. "Temptations" (Steevens). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 192.

19. *Go under.* Pass for, whose *names* they go under.

21. *Dissuade succession.* Keep others from going the same way.

22. *Limed with the same twigs.* An allusion to the use of *birdlime* in catching birds. See *Much Ado*, p. 142, or *Ham.* p. 233.

28. *Lie.* Lodge. See 2 *Hen. IV.* pp. 179, 192, or *T. N.* p. 146.

32. *Palmers.* Pilgrims. Cf. *R. of L.* 791: "As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage," etc. Reed quotes Blount, *Glossography:* "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a pilgrim had some dwelling-place, the palmer none; the pilgrim travelled to some certain place, the palmer to all, and not to any one in particular; the pilgrim might go at his own charge, the palmer must profess wilful poverty; the pilgrim might give over his profession, the palmer must be constant till he had the *palm;* that is, victory over his ghostly enemies and life by death."

33. *Port.* Gate; as in *Cor.* i. 7. 1, v. 6. 6, etc.

36. *Pilgrim.* A trisyllable here. See Gr. 477.

39. *For.* Because; as in 50 just below. Gr. 151.

40. *Ample.* Capell conjectured "amply;" but the word is again used adverbially in *T. of A.* i. 2. 136: "how ample you 're belov'd." Gr. 1.

48. *His face I know not.* A falsehood of course, but to be justified as necessary to the disguised part she was playing. The disguise itself was an acted falsehood, and could be maintained only by spoken falsehood. Clarke quotes *T. N.* ii. 2. 28:

> "Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
> Wherein the pregnant enemy does much;"

which shows that the poet was not unaware of the wrong involved in it, though he accepted it as a dramatic necessity. Coleridge asks: "Shall we say here that S. has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's own conscience?"

Whatsome'er. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 6. 102; and see on i. 3. 49 above.

52. *Mere the truth.* Nothing but the truth. In iv. 3. 20 below we have *merely* = absolutely, for which see *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated.* Hanmer gave "the meer" and Warb. "meerlye."

54. *Reports.* For the ellipsis of the relative, cf. iii. 3. 60 above.

56. *To.* Compared with. See on ii. 3. 273 above.

59. *Honesty.* Chastity; as in 12 above and iv. 4. 28 below.

60. *Examin'd.* Questioned.

63. *I write. good creature*, etc. The 1st folio has "I write good creature;" the other folios "I right good creature." Some editors follow the

1st folio, taking the meaning to be "I call her good creature," like "I write man" in ii. 3. 198 above; but that idiom appears to be used only by persons speaking of themselves. Rowe has "Ah! right good creature!" and Theo. "Ah! right; good creature!" but the exclamation does not seem natural here. The pointing in the text is due to W., and the meaning is "I write (=declare) her heart weighs sadly," the intervening words being parenthetical. The nearest approach to this use of *write* that we can find is the *write against* in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 57, and *Cymb.* ii. 5. 32; but, though Schmidt defines *write* there as = "declare," it is by no means a parallel case. We adopt the reading only as a choice of evils, and suspect some corruption. Malone's conjecture "I weet, good creature," etc., seems to us a very plausible one.

65. *Shrewd.* Mischievous, evil. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 202, or *J. C.* p. 145.

68. *Brokes.* Treats through a *broker* or pander—Parolles, as afterwards appears. Cf. the use of *broker* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 568, 582; and see also *Ham.* p. 191.

86. *Shrewdly.* Combining the ideas of *much* and *badly*. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 170.

89. *A ring-carrier.* A go-between, pander. See on 68 just above.

91. *Host.* Lodge; as in *C. of E.* i. 2. 9: "Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host." *Enjoin'd* = bound by a vow. For the accent, see on ii. 1. 204 above.

94. *Please it.* If it please; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 52, etc.

97. *Of.* The later folios and some modern eds. have "on." Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 2: "what bestow of him?" Gr. 175.

98. *Worthy the note.* Worth noting or attending to.

SCENE VI.—3. *Hilding.* A contemptible fellow. See *R. and J.* p. 172.

11. *Entertainment.* Service; as in iv. 1. 15 below. See *Oth.* p. 187; and cf. *Much Ado*, p. 127, note on *Entertained for*.

17. *Fetch off his drum.* Rescue his drum. Fairholt remarks: "The drums of the regiments of his day were decorated with the colours of the battalion." The loss of the drum was therefore "equivalent to the loss of the flag of the regiment." See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 185, note on *Drum*.

23. *Leaguer.* The camp of a besieging army; sometimes used for a camp in general. See Wb. Douce quotes Sir John Smythe, *Discourses*, 1590: "They will not vouchsafe in their speaches or writings to use our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe by the Dutch name of *Legar;* nor will not affoord to say, that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegard*."

32. *His.* The folios have "this;" corrected by Rowe.

33. *Ore.* The folios have "ours;" corrected by Theo. The Coll. MS. has "ores." For the poet's use of the word, see *Ham.* p. 242.

John Drum's entertainment. We have no doubt that originally *John Drum* was merely a sportive personification of the drum, and that the *entertainment* was a *beating*, such as the drum gets. *Jack Drum* and *Tom Drum* were variations of the name (for the latter, cf. v. 3. 316 below). Theo. quotes Holinshed, *Hist. of Ireland:* "so that his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his eares, give the simplest man that

resorted to his house, Tom Drum his entertaynement, which is, to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by both the shoulders;" and *Apollo Shroving*, 1627: "It shall have Tom Drum's entertainement: a flap with a fox-tail." Reed adds, from Taylor's *Laugh and be Fat:*

> "And whither now is Mons^r Odcome come,
> Who on his owne backe side receiv'd his pay?
> Not like the Entertainm^t of Jacke Drum,
> Who was best welcome when he went away?"

and Aston, *Manners and Customs of All Nations*, 1611: "Some others on the contrarie part, give them John Drum's intertainm^t reviling and beating them away from their houses." These, and other passages quoted by the commentators, show that the expression came to mean other kinds of abusive treatment than beating. There was an interlude, printed in 1601, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, in which Jack Drum is a servant who is continually being foiled in his attempts at intrigue. The title of this piece was of course suggested by the familiar phrase.

37. *Humour.* The early eds. have "honor" or "honour," which may be defended as ironical; but *humour*, which Theo. substituted, is adopted by K., D., W., and others, and may be what S. wrote.

38. *In any hand.* In any case, at any rate. Cf. *at any hand* in *T. of S.* i. 2. 147, 227, and *of all hands* in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 219. Steevens quotes Holland's *Pliny:* "he must be a free citizen of Rome in any hand."

55. *Hic jacet.* "Here lies; the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost or another belonging to the enemy, or *die in the attempt*" (Malone).

56. *If you have a stomach, to 't, Monsieur.* If you have any inclination, try it. This is the pointing of the folio, which reads: "Why if you haue a stomacke, too 't Monsieur: if you thinke," etc. The editors generally (the Camb. ed. is the only exception we have noted) make it read thus: "Why, if you have a stomach to 't, Monsieur, if you think," etc. But cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 195: "But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name!" For the absolute use of *stomach*, see also *M. of V.* iii. 5. 92: "let me praise you while I have a stomach;" *T. and C.* ii. 1. 137:

> "call some knight to arms
> That hath a stomach;"

J. C. v. 1. 66:

> "If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
> If not, when you have stomachs," etc.

The Camb. ed does not refer to the ordinary pointing in its collation of the texts.

57. *Mystery.* Professional skill. Cf. its use = craft, profession; as in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 30, 36, 39, 41, 44, *T. of A.* iv. 1. 18, etc.

66. *Dilemmas.* Plans for overcoming possible difficulties. S. uses the word only here and in *M. W.* iv. 5. 87: "in perplexity and doubtful dilemma."

71. *Success.* Issue. See *Oth.* p. 186, or *J. C.* p. 151. Cf. also i. 3. 237 above.

73. *And to the possibility*, etc. That is, he is confident that Parolles

will do all a soldier can. He does not yet believe that the fellow is a coward.

82. *A great deal.* It is exceptional to find this expression with a plural, but the idiom is said to be still a provincialism in England. Walker conjectures "discovery," but most of the editors retain *discoveries.*

88. *Embossed him.* Cornered him, closed round him; a hunting phrase. "To *emboss* a deer is to enclose him in a wood" (Johnson). Cf. *Lear*, p. 213.

91. *Case.* Skin, flay; in other words, strip of his *disguise.*

Smoked. Scented, smelt out; as in iv. 1. 25 below. Halliwell quotes Chapman, *Homer:* "I alone smok't his true person."

92. *Sprat.* The fish is a worthless little one, and hence the contemptuous metaphor. Lilly, in his *Book of Fortune* (quoted by Halliwell), speaks of "a sprat-brain'd ridiculous Tom Fool."

94. *Look my twigs.* Look at my limed twigs. See on iii. 5. 22 above. For the transitive *look*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 161, or *Lear*, p. 219. Gr. 200.

101. *Have i' the wind.* Have got scent of. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 14: "He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!" See also *Ham.* p. 230, note on *Recover the wind of me.*

SCENE VII.—1. *She.* That is, his wife. She has been telling the Widow who she is, and what her plans are for recovering her husband.

3. *But I shall lose.* That is, except I shall lose, without losing. She means that she does not know how to give farther proofs of her identity without the risk of discovering herself to Bertram.

4. *Though my estate be fallen.* Though my condition in life is not so good as it once was.

9. *To your sworn counsel.* That is, under pledge of secrecy.

10. *From word to word.* "Word for word" (*T. N.* i. 3. 28, etc.), exactly as I tell you.

13. *Approves.* Proves; as often. See *Mach.* p. 174.

18. *His wanton siege.* For the metaphor, cf. *V. and A.* 423:

> "Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
> To love's alarms it will not ope the gate."

See also *M. W.* ii. 2. 243, *R. and J.* i. 1. 218, etc.

21. *Important blood.* Importunate passion. See *Much Ado*, p. 129, or *Lear*, p. 241.

22. *County.* Count. See *Much Ado*, p. 131.

26. *In most rich choice.* In highest estimation.

Idle=inconsiderate, reckless. See on ii. 5. 47 above.

34. *After this.* The 1st folio omits *this*, which the 2d supplies. Coll. conjectures "afterwards."

37. *Persever.* The only form in S. Cf. iv. 2. 37 below, where it rhymes with *ever.* Gr. 492.

40. *Music.* The folio has "Musickes," as in *Cymb.* ii. 3. 44, but most editors read *music* in both passages. The singular often meant a band of musicians. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 94:

> "Bid the music leave;
> They are harsh and heavy to me."

41. *It nothing steads us.* It is of no use for us. For *stead*, see *M. of V.* p. 133, note on *May you stead me?*

45. *Is wicked meaning*, etc. "Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them sin: yet on his part it was a sinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife" (Tollet). Hanmer changed *And lawful* to "unlawful" and Warb. *lawful act* to "wicked act;" but this is not necessary to the solution of the enigma.

47. *Fact.* According to Schmidt, the only meaning of *fact* in S. is "evil deed, crime;" but in some cases, as here, it seems to be simply = the Latin *factum*, deed. Cf. *W. T.* p. 175.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—10. *Linsey-woolsey.* A mixed fabric of linen and wool; here a metaphor for a medley of words without meaning. Cf. the figurative use of *fustian* (*Oth.* ii. 3. 282), likewise a kind of cloth.

13. *Some band of strangers*, etc. "That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay" (Johnson). For *entertainment*, cf. iii. 6. 11 above. *Smack* = smattering.

15. *We must every one*, etc. "We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by one another; for provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient for the success of our project" (Henley). *Straight* = directly, at once.

18. *Choughs' language.* That is, mere chattering. Steevens compares *Temp.* ii. 1. 266:

> "I myself could make
> A chough of as deep chat."

See our ed. p. 127.

24. *Plausive.* Plausible. Cf. i. 2. 53 above.

37. *Instance.* Explained by Schmidt and others as = "motive" (as in *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 119, etc.), and by Johnson as = "proof" (cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 170). The latter seems to be the better meaning. He has said that slight hurts will not serve to confirm his story of his *exploit*, and great ones he dares not give. Wherefore, he asks, what *is* to sustain or prove my assertions? In *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 42, Borachio says: "They will scarce believe this without trial; offer them instances" (that is, give them proofs); and here Parolles, wishing to "offer instances," asks himself what the instance is to *be*.

38. *Bajazet's mule.* A troublesome beast for the critics. There may be a reference to some well-known story of the time, now lost; or Warb. may have been right in changing the *mule* to a "mute." Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 232: "like Turkish mute." Steevens says that "in one of our old Turkish histories, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a mule to the Divan;" but how such a description could suggest borrowing a tongue of the mule, it is difficult to see. Reed finds a reference in Maitland to an apologue of a philosopher who "tooke upon him to make a Moyle speak." This on the face of it is a more promising clue; but

Maitland does not give the story in full, and we have no means of knowing whether *Bajazet* figured in it. The meaning obviously is that he must get rid of his own prattling tongue and buy one less loquacious.

40. *Is it possible*, etc. See p. 13 above.

43. *Spanish sword.* Cf. *K. and J.* i. 4. 84: "Spanish blades." The swords of Toledo were famous in that day.

44. *Afford you so.* Afford to let you off so.

45. *Baring.* Shaving; as in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 189: "Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death."

70. *Thy faith.* That is, religious faith.

77. *Inform something.* Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 42: "He did inform the truth," etc.

85. *Woodcock.* The bird was supposed to have no brains, and was therefore a popular metaphor for a fool. See *Ham.* pp. 191, 275.

88. *Inform on that.* Tell them about that. Clarke takes *inform* to be in the same construction as *betray*, but we have no doubt that it is imperative. The speaker thinks it a good joke that Parolles is going to betray them to themselves, and wants that Bertram and his brother should be informed of the sport in store for them. Rowe thought it necessary to change *on* to "'em."

SCENE II.—8. *Stern.* The Coll. MS. has "stone." Malone quotes *Cymb.* ii. 2. 32:

> "And be her sense but as a monument
> Thus in a chapel lying!"

14. *My vows.* "Not only the vows in reference to Helena, alluded to in the sentence he wrote to his mother—'sworn to make the *not* eternal'—but the vows he is now proffering to Diana" (Clarke).

17. *Serve.* There is a play upon the word. For a different one, see ii. 1. 22 above.

19. *Barely.* Changed by Rowe (2d ed.) to "basely;" but the repetition in *barely* and *bareness* is thoroughly Shakespearian.

25. *God's.* The 1st and 2d folios have "Ioues," the 3d and 4th "Joves." Johnson's conjecture of "love's" is adopted by some editors; but we have little doubt that S. wrote *God's*, which was changed to "Jove's" in obedience to the statute against the use of the Divine name on the stage. This is the conjecture of Halliwell, and removes all difficulty from a much disputed passage.

27. *Holding.* "Consistency," according to Johnson and Schmidt, but it may be = binding force. This is confirmed by the *unseal'd* that follows. Such an oath, she says, is like a legal obligation wtihout the *seal* which makes it *hold.*

36. *Who.* Changed by Pope to "which," but *who* is often used for "an irrational antecedent personified" (Gr. 264). The folios have "recovers," which may be what S. wrote. Cf. Gr. 247.

37. *Persever.* See on iii. 7. 37 above.

38. *Make ropes in such a scarre.* A hopelessly corrupt passage, which we leave as in the folios (the 1st and 2d have "rope's," the others

"ropes," and the 4th has "scar"). *Ropes* and *scarre* have been changed to "hopes . . . affairs," "hopes . . . scene," "hopes . . . scare," "hopes . . . war," "slopes . . . scarre" (—cliff), "hopes . . . case," "hopes . . . snare," "hopes . . . suit," "hopes . . . cause," "may cope's . . . sorte," etc. "Hopes in such a case" is as probable as any other of these, and doubtless gives the meaning of the passage, whatever may have been its precise wording. It may be noted that S. often uses the expression "in such a case;" as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 6, *Cor.* v. 4. 34, *R. and J.* ii. 4. 54, *A. and C.* ii. 2. 98, etc. K. thinks that the old reading, though "startling and difficult," may be right after all: *scarre* may be used figuratively "for a difficulty to be overcome," and the *ropes* may be the means of overcoming it. But if a critic can "make ropes in *such* a scarre," what difficulty in the early texts may he not overcome?

42. *Longing.* Belonging. Generally printed "'longing," but not so in the folios, which are almost uniformly accurate on such points. See *Hen. V.* p. 160, or *Hen. VIII.* p. 162. Cf. also Wb.

49. *Proper.* The word simply emphasizes the *own*, as in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 61, iii. 1. 115, *J. C.* v. 3. 96, etc. It is often used alone in the sense of *own;* as in *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: "Their proper selves," etc.

50. *Champion.* As the word was used in the days of chivalry, for a knight who fought for a person or a cause. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 118, 255, 267, *Rich. II.* i. 2. 43, etc. On the present passage, cf. Milton, *Comus*, 212:

> "These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
> The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
> By a strong-siding champion, Conscience."

55. *I'll order take.* I'll take measures. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 177, or *Oth.* p. 206.

56. *Band.* Bond; as in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 2: "thy oath and band," etc. See our ed. p. 150.

62. *What in time proceeds.* Whatever in the course of time may result.

71. *Has.* The reading of W. for the "had" of the folios.

73. *Braid.* Deceitful. Steevens quotes Greene, *Never Too Late*, 1616, where it is a noun:

> "Dian rose with all her maids
> Blushing thus at Love his braids."

Horne Tooke (quoted by Malone) makes *braid* = "brayed," seeing an allusion to *Prov.* xxi. 20! Boswell thinks *braid* might possibly be "a contraction for *braided*, that is, *twisted*," and compares the "*plaited* cunning" of *Lear*, i. 1. 183. See *W. T.* p. 196, note on *Unbraided.* Richardson, in his *Dict.*, makes *braid* = violent; but cf. Wb. Wedgwood connects it with the provincial *braid* = pretend, resemble (see Halliwell and Wright, *Archaic Dict.*), and explains the passage thus: "since such are the manners of Frenchmen." Skeat, in his new *Etymol. Dict.*, has nothing to say of the word.

SCENE III.—5. *Worthy.* Well deserved; as in *Rich. II.* v. 1. 68: "worthy danger and deserved death," etc.

10. *Darkly.* Secretly. Cf. the quibble in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 188: "The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to the light."

14. *Fleshes.* Gratifies, satiates. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 133:

"the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent."

16. *Monumental.* Memorial.

17. *Composition.* Compact, bargain.

18. *Delay our rebellion.* Keep us from such "natural rebellion" (v. 3. 6), that is, letting our passions rebel against our reason and conscience.

20. *Merely our own traitors.* Nothing but traitors to ourselves. See on iii. 5. 52 above.

22. *Their abhorred ends.* We think this refers to their disgraceful death as traitors (as Coll. and St. explain it) rather than the ends they are aiming at, as Steevens and others have made it. Clarke believes it means "till they finally incur the abhorrence properly theirs, or which is their due." The whole passage may be paraphrased thus: As it is the common course of treason to expose itself and lead to its own punishment, so he that is a traitor to his better self is overwhelmed in his own wickedness, like one who is drowned in the flood he himself has let loose. Johnson explains *in his proper stream o'erflows himself* by "betrays his own secrets in his own talk;" which seems rather an "impotent conclusion." Clarke carries out the interpretation of what precedes by making it = "by his own revealments covers himself with opprobrium."

25. *Is it not meant damnable in us*, etc. Does it not show a damnable *meaning* or disposition in us, etc. Schmidt puts it thus: "Is not our drift a damnable one?" Clarke thinks the idea is, "Does not Heaven ordain it for our own condemnation," etc. Coll., D., and W. adopt Hanmer's "most damnable," and V. reads "mean—damnable." Mason conjectures "mean and damnable." For the adverbial use of *damnable*, cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 188: "inconstant and damnable ungrateful."

28. *Dieted to his hour.* Restricted to his appointed hour, like one under a fixed regimen. See on v. 3. 219 below.

30. *Company.* Companion; referring to Parolles. See *Hen. V.* p. 145. *That he might take*, etc. "This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition" (Johnson).

31. *So curiously he had set this counterfeit.* The metaphor is taken from *setting* a counterfeit gem. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 251:

"A base foul stone made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set."

Curiously = carefully; as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 144: "curiously cut," etc. Cf. *curious* in i. 2. 20 above.

39. *Higher.* Farther up into Italy.

46. *Sanctimony.* Sanctity, devotion; as in *T. and C.* v. 2. 140: "If sanctimony be the god's delight." We find the modern sense only in *Oth.* i. 3. 362.

50. *Justified.* Proved. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 128: "I could justify you traitors," etc.

51. *The stronger part.* The more important part; that is, all the facts except her death. The Coll. MS. has "stranger."

71. *Solemn.* Formal, ceremonious. Cf. ii. 3. 179 above.

80. *By an abstract of success.* "By a successful summary proceeding" (Schmidt).

81. *Congied with.* Taken leave of. Many of the modern eds. print "congé'd." In Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608, we find the noun spelt *congy:* "Sir William, with a low congy, saluted him."

89. *This dialogue between the fool and the soldier.* Perhaps alluding, as Coll. suggests, to some popular production of the time.

90. *This counterfeit module.* "*Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here used in that sense: Bring forth this fellow, who, by *counterfeit* virtue, pretended to make himself a *pattern*" (Johnson). *Module* occurs again in *K. John*, v. 7. 58: "And module of confounded royalty." See our ed. p. 180. In both passages many modern eds. print "model."

Like a double-meaning prophesier. Steevens misquotes *Macb.* v. 8. 20:

> "That palter with us in a double sense,
> That keep the word of promise to our ear
> And break it to our hope."

94. *Usurping his spurs.* Wearing the spurs of a knight when he was really a coward. There may be an allusion to the punishment of a recreant knight by hacking off his spurs.

103. *Nothing of me, has a'.* Bertram's fear that Parolles may have told something to compromise him is a slight but very significant touch of dramatic art.

109. *Hoodman comes!* The game now called blindman's-buff used to be known as "hoodman-blind." Baret, in his *Alvearie*, mentions it as "The Hoodwinke play, or hoodmanblinde, in some places called the blindmanbuf." Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 77.

126. *Take the sacrament on 't.* Take my oath on it. See *Rich. II.* p. 207, or *K. John*, p. 172.

128. *All 's one to him.* The folios give these words to Parolles; but Capell saw that they belong to Bertram. Rowe followed the old arrangement, changing *him* to "me." Ritson conjectured that the sentence belonged to the 1st or 2d Lord.

130. *Militarist.* Undoubtedly *his own phrase*, for it is not found elsewhere.

131. *Theoric.* Changed by Rowe to "theory;" but cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 52 and *Oth.* i. 1. 24. Malone quotes Florio's *Montaigne:* "They know the theorique of all things, but you must seek who shall put it in practice."

132. *Chape.* The metallic part at the end of the scabbard (Schmidt). We find *chapeless* in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 48.

133. *I will never*, etc. Perhaps this belongs to Bertram (Walker).

140. *Con him no thanks.* Do not thank him. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 428: "Yet thanks I must you con," etc. Steevens cites many examples of the phrase from contemporaneous writers. *In the nature he delivers it*=in the way he tells it; that is, since it is for a treacherous purpose.

148. *Live this present hour.* This must mean live *only* this present hour, and Hanmer's "but this" is a plausible emendation. Walker con-

jectures "die" for *live*, and St. "leave." Tollet and Clarke think the slip is meant to show the speaker's perturbation of mind.

159. *Condition.* Character; as in *M. of V.* i. 2. 143, etc.

167. *To the particular of the inter'gatories.* To the questions one by one, or asked *singly*. For the form *inter'gatories*, see *M. of V.* p. 165.

171. Johnson inserts here the stage-direction: "*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*"

172. *Though.* Explained by Clarke as = "as, since, for the reason that;" but it has its ordinary meaning. Let him alone, he says, though it will be but a brief respite for him. In Whitney's *Emblems*, a book probably known to S., there is a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which should die first. The loser was disposed to laugh at the decrees of Fate; when she was instantly killed by the accidental falling of a tile (Douce).

178. *Lordship.* The folios have "Lord," which was probably the abbreviation in the MS., or the printer's interpretation of the shorter abbreviation "Lo." It was corrected by Pope.

184. *In good sadness.* In all seriousness. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 5. 125, iv. 2. 93, *T. of S.* v. 2. 64, etc. See also *R. and J.* p. 144.

192. *Dian, the count's a fool*, etc. Johnson supposes a line to be lost, as there is no rhyme to the *gold*. Steevens conjectures "golden store" or "ore." But the beginning of the letter may have been prose, as Malone suggests; or it may be only an instance of the poet's carelessness in these little matters.

194. *Advertisement.* Advice, admonition. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 181. *Proper* = honest; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 169: "A proper gentlewoman."

197. *Idle.* See on ii. 5. 47 above.

206. *Half won*, etc. "A match well made is half won; make your match, therefore, but make it well" (Mason).

209. *Mell.* Meddle, have to do; used by S. nowhere else. Pope changed *not* to "but;" but the antithesis is only between *men* and *boys*, not between *mell* and *kiss*, though the former may *imply* more than the latter. That *mell* was used in the general sense of *meddling*, Malone shows by quoting Hall, *Satires*, 1597: "Hence, ye profane! mell not with holy things;" and Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 30 (which he misquotes): "With holy father fits not with such things to mell." He might have added *Id.* vii. 7. 9:

> "So hard it is for any living wight
> All her array and vestiments to tell,
> That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle spright,
> The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)
> In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mel," etc.

Cf. also Florio, *Second Frutes:*

> "Who with a Tuscan hath to mell,
> Had need to hear and see full well."

210. *Count of.* Take note of. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 65: "no man counts of her beauty."

211. *When.* The Coll. MS. has "where."

216. *Armipotent.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 650: "The armipotent Mars."

Halliwell cites Fairfax, *Godfrey of Boulogne*: "If our God, the Lord armipotent;" and Sylvester, *Du Bartas:* "Armi-potent, omnipotent, my God."

217. *A cat.* Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 48: "Some, that are mad if they behold a cat."

219. *The general's.* The 1st and 2d folios have "your" for *the;* corrected in the 3d folio.

229. *An egg out of a cloister.* "He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy" (Johnson).

230. *Nessus.* Alluded to again in *A. and C.* iv. 12. 43.

244. *Before the English tragedians.* The companies of strolling players used to announce their advent by a drum or trumpet. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 74, where the "trumpet" that is heard is found to be that of the "players."

247. *Mile-end.* Where the citizens of London used to be mustered and drilled. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 179, note on *Mile-end Green.*

248. *Doubling of files.* Marching in double file.

252. *He 's a cat still.* "The way in which Bertram returns and returns to the same expression of antipathy to Parolles is characteristically indicative of his fidgety egotism and bad-tempered vexation" (Clarke).

255. *Quart d'écu.* The quarter of a "French crown." See on ii. 2. 20 above. In the 1st folio the spelling is "cardceue;" corrected in the 2d into "cardecue," which was the "phonetic" orthography of the time. Cf. v. 2. 31 below, where all the early eds. have "cardecue."

Fee-simple. Unconditional possession. This and the legal terms that follow are to be reckoned among the many illustrations of Shakespeare's minute knowledge of the law. A *remainder* is "something limited over to a third person on the creation of an estate less than that which the grantor has." See also Wb. Some such word as "secure" or "ensure" appears to be implied (Clarke thinks it may have dropped out) before *a perpetual succession.* The meaning obviously is, *sell the fee-simple* and make it free from all possible conditions or limitations.

259. *Why does he ask him of me?* "This is nature. Every man is, on such occasions, more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own" (Johnson).

272. *Beguile the supposition.* "That is, *to deceive the opinion*, to make the Count think me a man that *deserves well*" (Johnson).

295. *Undone.* There is a quibble on the word; as in *Much Ado*, v. 4. 20.

302. *Great.* The quibble on the literal and figurative senses is obvious. For the latter, cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 4: "Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee?"

On the passage, see p. 13 above.

305. *Simply the thing I am*, etc. "It would be difficult to match this little sentence for pithy expression—a world of satire upon meanness of soul compressed into nine brief words" (Clarke).

SCENE IV.—4. *Perfect.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S.

6. *Which.* Hanmer inserted "for" before *which;* but the ellipsis is not unlike many others in S. Cf. Gr. 382 fol.

7. *Flinty Tartar's bosom.* Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 32:

> "From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
> From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
> To offices of tender courtesy."

9. *Marseilles.* A trisyllable; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 377: "That now is lying in Marseilles road." See our ed. p. 148. S. uses the word only twice in verse. Here it is spelt "Marcellæ" in the 1st folio, "Marsellis" in the 2d and 3d, and "Marselis" in the 4th.

11. *Breaking.* Disbanding. Elsewhere we have *break up;* as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 104, *J. C.* ii. 2. 98, etc.

16. *You.* The 1st, 2d, and 3d folios have "your."

20. *Motive.* Agent, instrument. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 193, where the tongue is called "The slavish motive of recanting fear." In *T. and C.* iv. 5. 57 ("every joint and motive of her body") it is = moving part.

23. *Saucy.* Some explain the word as = wanton, lascivious, and cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 45; but in both passages it may be = impudent, insolent (Schmidt).

Clarke paraphrases the sentence thus: "When, by permitting the beguiled imagination to rove forbiddenly, the darkness of night is made blacker;" and he adds: "This wandering away of Helena's thoughts into reverie (for the whole of this sentence is spoken to herself, rather than to her hearers) even while she is commenting upon excursive fancies, is, to our thinking, intensely fine and true to human nature, particularly under these special circumstances."

29. *Impositions.* Injunctions, commands; as in *M. of V.* i. 2. 114: "your father's imposition," etc.

30. *Yet I pray you; But,* etc. This is the reading and pointing of the folio (except that it has a colon instead of a semicolon); followed by D., K., V., the Camb. ed., Clarke, and others. D. paraphrases the passage thus: "For a while, I pray you, *be* mine to suffer; but, so quickly that it may even be considered as true while we speak, the time will, etc." We are inclined to think that *Yet, I pray you* merely serves to resume the thread of discourse after Diana's impulsive interruption, and that Helena then goes on to add the more hopeful words she intended to add —as the "*yet* must suffer *something*" seems to imply. Coll. adopts Blackstone's conjecture of "Yet I fray you But with the word;" that is, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer*." W. reads "Yet I pay you But with the word" = "Yet (in my present circumstances) I pay you but with the word (or, as we say, 'with words'), but time will bring on a season when that which produces you now only trouble will produce you profit and pleasure." The Coll. MS. has "I pray you: But with the world," etc. See also Gr. 76.

34. *Revives.* Changed by Hanmer to "reviles," and by Warb. to "revyes," which he explains as "looks us in the face, calls upon us to hasten." W. adopts Johnson's conjecture of "invites," which is the best emendation, if any be necessary; but *revives* (= gives us fresh energy) seems in keeping with the context.

The *wagon* is probably, as K. suggests, a public vehicle. Coaches are mentioned in *L. L. L.* (iv. 3. 34, 155), *M. of V.* (iii. 4. 82), *M. W.* (ii. 2. 66), and *Ham.* (iv. 5. 71), which are earlier plays. Stow speaks of *long wagons* for passengers and goods in 1564. As late as 1660, we find from Sir William Dugdale's *Diary* that his daughter "went towards London in Coventre waggon."

35. *All's well*, etc. "One of Camden's proverbial sentences" (Malone). *The fine's the crown.* As Boswell remarks, this seems to be a translation of the Latin proverb, *Finis coronat opus.* For *fine*=end, cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 247, *Ham.* v. 1. 115, etc. We still use *in fine.*

SCENE V.—1. *With.* By; as often. Gr. 193.

A snipt-taffeta fellow. "A fellow who wore a rag or patch of taffeta" (Schmidt); or, quite as likely, a fellow dressed in "slashed silk," alluding to "the 'scarfs' and fluttering ribbons that Parolles wears, which have been several times referred to in the course of the play" (Clarke). For *taffeta*, cf. ii. 2. 20 above.

2. *Whose villanous saffron*, etc. This is either an allusion to the use of yellow starch for linen, or to the colouring of paste for pies with saffron (which the context favours); or perhaps, as Warb. suggests, S. was led from the one allusion into the other as he wrote. Schmidt thinks the reference may be simply "to the fashionable custom of wearing yellow." For the colouring of starches, Warb. cites Fletcher, *Queen of Corinth:* "your yellow starch;" and B. J., *The Devil's an Ass:* "Carmen and chimney-sweepers are got into the yellow starch;" and Steevens adds, among other passages, Stubbes, *Anat. of Abuses*, 1595: "The one arch or piller wherewith the devils kingdome of great ruffes is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter which they call starch, wherein the devill hath learned them to wash and die their ruffes, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this startch they make of divers substances, sometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other things: of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like." For the use of saffron in pastry, cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 48: "I must have saffron to colour the warden pies."

The meaning of the passage, as Malone remarks, is: "Whose evil qualities are of so deep a dye as to be sufficient to corrupt the most innocent, and to render them of the same disposition with himself." There is, however, a touch of contemptuousness in *unbaked and doughy youth* which this paraphrase does not bring out.

7. *I had.* Changed by Hanmer (the conjecture of Theo.) to "he had;" but this is unnecessary. The Countess wishes that *she* had never known him as a visitor at her house and a friend of her son.

14. *Sweet marjoram.* The herb (*Origanum marjorana*) still known by that name, and still familiar in our kitchens. Cf. *W. T.* p. 190.

15. *Herb of grace.* That is, rue (*Ruta graveolens*). Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 105: "I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;" and *Ham.* iv. 5. 181: "There 's rue for you; . . . we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays." See *Ham.* p. 251.

16. *Herbs.* That is, herbs in the sense in which he (Lafeu) has just used the word, or salad herbs. Rowe thought it necessary to read "sallet-herbs" ("sallet" is the spelling of the old eds. here, as often elsewhere), and the Coll. MS. has "pot-herbs."

18. *Grass.* Spelt "grace" in the early eds., perhaps to mark the play on *grass* and *grace*.

19. *Whether dost thou*, etc. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 134: "Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge," etc. See also *Matt.* xxii. 31.

32. *An English name.* Alluding to the Black Prince; as the latter part of the sentence does to his achievements in France, where, as the Clown hints, the other *black prince* is also more active. For *name* the folios have "maine," "main," or "mean;" corrected by Rowe. Henley would retain "main," as referring to the devil's "thick head of hair." Coll. says: "Of old the devil was represented in miracle-plays and moralities as covered with hair; and hence his name of 'Old Hairy,' which has been corrupted in our day to 'Old Harry.'"

Fisnomy. S. uses *physiognomy* only in *R. of L.* 1395. Hanmer changed *hotter* to "honoured." For the double comparative, see Gr. 11.

38. *Suggest.* Tempt, "seduce" (Rowe's "emendation" in his 2d ed.). Cf. *suggestion* in iii. 5. 16 above.

41. *But, sure, he is*, etc. Changed by Hanmer to "But since he is," etc.

45. *The flowery way*, etc. Cf. *Mach.* ii. 3. 21: "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."

51. *Jades' tricks.* Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 145: "You always end with a jade's trick;" and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 21: "a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!"

53. *Unhappy.* "Mischievously waggish, unlucky" (Johnson). Cf. *unhappiness* in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 361; and see our ed. p. 134. For *shrewd*, see on iii. 5. 65 above.

57. *Pace.* "A certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horse who [*sic*] moves irregularly, that he has *no paces*" (Johnson). Cf. the verb in *M. for M.* iv. 3. 137:

> "If you can, pace your wisdom
> In that good path that I would wish it go."

Hanmer reads "place."

67. *Content.* Often used by S. in a stronger sense than at present. See *Oth.* p. 174.

85. *Two pile and a half.* Alluding to the quality of the velvet. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 14: "and in my time wore three-pile;" and see our ed. p. 184.

87. *A scar*, etc. In the 1st folio this speech is given to "*Laf.*;" in the later folios to "*La.*," which Rowe and some other editors have taken to be = "Lady," or Countess. The 2d folio gives the next speech but one to "*La.*," but there it is unquestionably = Lafeu.

88. *Belike.* It is likely, it would seem.

89. *Carbonadoed.* Cut across like a *carbonado*, or a slice of meat prepared for the gridiron. See *W. T.* p. 198, or 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 201.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—4. *Wear.* Wear out, weary. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 38: "Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise;" and see our ed. p. 158.

5. *Bold.* Confident, assured; as in *Cymb.* ii. 4. 2:

> "I would I were so sure
> To win the king as I am bold her honour
> Will remain hers."

6. *In happy time.* Just in time, opportunely. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 195.

7. *Enter a Gentleman.* The 1st folio has "*Enter a gentle Astringer*" ("*Astranger*" in 2d folio), and the 3d and 4th folios "*Enter a Gentleman a stranger.*" *Astringer*, which some modern eds. retain, means a falconer. Steevens says that it is derived from *ostercus* or *austercus*, a goshawk, and cites Cowell, *Law Dict.:* "We usually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an austringer." The word occurs nowhere in the text of S., and it is very doubtful whether he used it here. More likely it got into the folio by some mistake (the MS. may have read "*Enter a gent. a stranger*"); or possibly the "astringer" was introduced by the stage manager for some reason or other. The play in the folio was probably set up from a manuscript used in the theatre. It is to be noted that in the folio the speeches given to the "Astringer" all have the prefix "*Gent.*," and that when he enters again (v. 3. 128 below) he is called "a Gentleman."

14. *With.* By. See on iv. 5. 1 above.

15. *Nice.* Punctilious, scrupulous.

24. *Use.* Custom, habit. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 285: "Is it his use?" etc.

25. *All's well*, etc. Cf. iv. 4. 35 above.

35. *Our means will make us means.* As Johnson remarks, "S. delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning." Here no explanation is necessary. Cf. i. 2. 64, ii. 1. 124, 160, and iv. 2. 19 above.

37. *Falls.* Befalls, comes to pass; as in v. 3. 121 below

SCENE II.—1. *Lavache.* "Lavatch" in the folios. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, May 9, 1863, thinks that in the name (=*la vache*, the cow) S. "made a punning allusion to the name of the actor who played the part, that is, to Richard *Cowley*, or John *Lowine* (lowing);" but this is not very probable. Clarke suggests that "it may have been intended for *Lavage*, which, in familiar French language, is used to express 'slop,' 'puddle,' 'washiness.'" He adds: "However this may be, there is irresistible drollery, as well as fine satire, in making Parolles—who formerly treated the Clown with magnificent toleration—now address him by the title of *Monsieur*, give him his name, and call him *sir*."

4. *Mood.* Changed by Theo. to "moat." *Mood* is elsewhere =anger; as in *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 51, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 172, *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 38, *Oth.* ii. 3. 274, etc. V. notes the pun on *mood* and *mud*.

8. *Allow the wind.* Let me get to windward of thee.

14. *Me.* The "dativus ethicus." Gr. 220.

18. *Purr.* A suspicious word. Mason conjectured "puss," which of course necessitated dropping the second *of*, to say nothing of the senseless repetition in *cat*. It is curious that *puss* does not occur in S.

23. *Similes.* The folios have "smiles;" corrected by Theo. (at the suggestion of Warb.). Some editors retain "smiles;" and Clarke takes "my smiles of comfort" to be "a facetious whimsicality of the Clown's, equivalent to 'my comfortable jests,' 'my comforting playfulness.'" In 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 89, the quartos and the 1st folio misprint "smiles" for *similes*.

31. *Quart d'écu.* See on iv. 3. 255 above.

38. *A word.* The 1st and 2d folios have simply "word," and the 3d and 4th "one word." The reading in the text is that of the Egerton MS., and is adopted by Coll., W., and others. There seems to be a play on *Parolles* (=words).

Cox my passion! A corruption of "God 's my passion!" Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 121: "Cock's passion, silence!" See also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 195, note on *By cock and pie.*

40. *Found me.* See on ii. 3. 205 above.

42. *In some grace.* Into some favour. For *in*, see Gr. 159.

48. *Though you are a fool*, etc. "This is just one of Shakespeare's own touches. It is not only true to his large spirit of toleration for human frailties, that the old nobleman should save the wretch from starving, notwithstanding his strong disgust for his character; but it is an ingenuity of dramatic art thus to provide that Parolles shall be at hand, when the final scene of the story takes place at Rousillon, to appear among the other personages of the play" (Clarke).

SCENE III.—1. *Esteem.* "Dr. Warburton, in Theobald's edition, altered this word to *estate;* in his own he lets it stand, and explains it by *worth* or *estate*. But *esteem* is here *reckoning* or *estimate*. Since the loss of Helen, with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *sunk;* what we have to *reckon* ourselves king of is much *poorer* than before" (Johnson).

4. *Her estimation home.* Her worth thoroughly. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 107: "I cannot speak him home;" and see *Ham.* p. 232, on *Tax him home.*

5. *To make it*, etc. To consider it, etc.

6. *Natural rebellion.* The rebellion of nature. For *blaze* the early eds. have "blade" (corrected by Warb.), a figure which S. does not use, and which would be out of place here. For the metaphor here, cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 82:

> "Rebellious hell,
> If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
> To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
> And melt in her own fire."

See also iii. 7. 26 and iv. 2. 5 above. V. and W. retain and defend "blade."

10. *Were high bent.* The metaphor is taken from the bending of a bow. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 139, note on *Have their full bent.*

17. *Richest eyes.* Probably=eyes that have seen the most; as Stee-

vens, Schmidt, and others explain it. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 24: "to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands."

22. *Repetition.* That is, repetition or renewal of our resentment; or we may explain it as "remembrance," as Schmidt does. Clarke makes it = "recrimination." Cf. *K. John*, p. 144, note on *Ill-tuned repetitions*.

32. *A day of season.* "Such a day as one would expect at the present time of year" (Schmidt); or simply "a seasonable day" (Malone).

36. *High-repented.* Deeply repented. The hyphen is not in the early eds.

40. *Quick'st.* For contracted superlatives in S., see Gr. 473. Cf. ii. 1. 160 above.

41. *Inaudible and noiseless.* As Clarke notes, the double epithets, seemingly redundant, "serve impressively to emphasize the never-heard but ever-felt pace of Time's foot."

48. *Perspective.* A glass for producing an optical illusion. See *Rich. II.* p. 180. The accent of the word is always on the first syllable in S. Cf. Gr. 492.

57. *Compt.* Account. Cf. *Mach.* i. 6. 26, *Oth.* v. 2. 273, etc.

65. *Our own love*, etc. This is one of the "obelized" passages in the Globe ed. Some critics believe the couplet to be the interpolation of a player. Johnson was inclined to read "slept" for "sleeps" ("*Love* cries to see what was done while hatred *slept*, and suffered mischief to be done"), but thought the meaning might be that "*hatred* still *continues to sleep* at ease, while *love* is weeping." Coll. adopts Mason's conjecture of "old" for *own*. Clarke takes *our own* to be = "juster, more consistent with our spiritual perception," and paraphrases the passage thus: "Our juster (or more conscientious) love, waking too late to a perception of the worth of the lost object, deplores the mischief done, while unjust hate is laid asleep (or extinguished) forever after." V. explains it as follows: "Our love, awaking to the worth of the lost object, too late laments; our shameful hate or dislike having slept out the period when our fault was remediable." If the original reading is correct, this interpretation, though not entirely satisfactory, is perhaps to be preferred to any of the others.

68. *Maudlin.* Magdalen, of which it is a colloquial form. For the connection with the adjective *maudlin*, see Wb.

71. *Which better*, etc. This speech in the folios is a continuation of the preceding. Theo. first transferred it to the Countess, to whom it evidently belongs.

72. *Cesse.* Cease. The 1st folio has *cesse*, the 2d "ceasse," the 3d "ceass," and the 4th "cease." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 9. 2:

> "For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
> And quenched is with Cupids greater flame:
> But faithfull friendship doth them both suppresse," etc.

Halliwell cites sundry examples of *cesse*; as, for instance, Phaer, *Æneid*:

> "This spoken with a thought he makes the swelling seas to cesse
> And sun to shine, and clouds to flee, that did the skies oppresse."

74. *Digested.* That is, absorbed.

79. *The last*, etc. The last time that I ever took leave of her, etc.

85. *Necessitied to help.* In need of help. In what follows there is one of the "changes of construction" so common in S. The sense obviously is: I *bade* her, if she needed help, [to *ask* for it, *assured*] *that* I would give it. Cf. Gr. 415.

86. *Reave.* Bereave, deprive. Cf. *V. and A.* 766: "Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life." The participle *reft* is still in use, at least in poetical style.

87. *Stead her.* Be of use to her, help her. Cf. iii. 7. 41 above.

93. *In Florence*, etc. "Here is one of Count Bertram's ready false-hoods, which he, with the fluency of an expert liar, pours forth, with self-condemnatory ease. Though he did not know that the ring belonged to Helena, he knew that it was not given to him under the circumstances he describes with so much affected precision of detail; and that very throwing from a window, wrapping in paper, and nobleness of the thrower, by which he seeks to give an appearance of verisimilitude to his tale, serves to prove its untruth, and to convict himself of being altogether untrue" (Clarke).

96. *Engag'd.* "The plain meaning is, when she saw me receive the ring, she thought me *engaged* to her" (Johnson). The folios have "ingag'd," which Malone took to be = unengaged. Schmidt explains it in the same way, and considers the change to *engag'd* "preposterous." Theo. substituted "ungag'd." W. adopts Johnson's explanation, but retains "ingag'd," by which he thinks "the idea is better conveyed."

Subscrib'd To my own fortune. "Acknowledged, confessed the state of my affairs" (Schmidt); or perhaps *subscrib'd* = submitted, as in *T. of S.* i. 1. 81, etc.

99. *As.* For *that . . . as*, cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 33, 174, *Lear*, i. 4. 63, etc. See Gr. 280.

100. *In heavy satisfaction.* In sorrowful acquiescence; sadly yielding to what she was convinced could not be helped.

101. *Plutus himself*, etc. "Plutus, the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon other metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal. In the reign of Henry IV. a law was made to forbid all men thenceforth to *multiply* gold, or use any craft of *multiplication;* of which law Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal" (Johnson). For the allusion to the "grand elixir" of the alchemists, cf. *A. and C.* i. 5. 37:

> "that great medicine hath
> With his tinct gilded thee."

On *Plutus*, the old god of wealth, cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 197, *J. C.* iv. 3. 102, and *T. of A.* i. 1. 287.

105. *If you know*, etc. "If you know that *your faculties are so sound as* that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions, *and are able to recollect and relate what you have done*, tell me, etc." (Johnson).

112. *Upon her great disaster.* In case some great disaster had befallen her.

117. *Deadly.* Adjectives in *-ly* are often used as adverbs. Cf. Gr. 1.

121. *My fore-past proofs*, etc. "The *proofs which I have already had* are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear*" (Johnson). *Tax* (cf. i. 1. 61 above) is not elsewhere joined with *of*.

127. *Where yet she never was.* That is, never yet was. For the transposition of *yet*, see Gr. 76.

128. *Enter a Gentleman.* This is the stage-direction in the folios; changed by W. to "*Enter the Astringer.*" See on v. 1. 7 above.

131. *Removes.* Post-stages. The meaning is, that she has failed to overtake the king in his journey, and thus missed the opportunity of presenting it in person.

136. *Importing.* Full of meaning, significant.

137. *A sweet verbal brief.* The phrase seems to us exactly to describe itself and many others like it in the poet's language—condensed "sweetness and light"—"infinite riches in a little room."

145. *Capilet.* The spelling of the early eds., changed by Rowe and many other editors to "Capulet."

146. *Toll for this.* The 1st folio has "toule for this;" the later folios read "toule him for this." Some editors have taken the meaning to be "look upon him as a dead man;" but *toll* is probably the legal term = "pay a tax for the liberty of selling." W. reads "and towl [him]. For this," etc.; that is, "whip him up and down the fair." *Towling* is defined in Halliwell and Wright's *Archaic Dict.* as "whipping horses up and down at a fair, a boy's mischievous amusement." The other explanation is favoured by the context: I will buy me a son-in-law at a fair, and try to find a customer for this; I 'll none of *him*. Sr. quotes *Hudibras:*

> "a roan gelding,
> Where, when, by whom, and what were ye sold for,
> And in the public market toll'd for."

There were two statutes to regulate the *tolling* of horses at fairs.

153. *Sith.* Since; an old form which S. uses some twenty times. See *Ham.* pp. 201, 246, 253; and cf. *sithence* in i. 3. 110 above. The 1st folio has here "sir, sir, wiues are monsters;" changed in the 2d to "sir, wiues are such monsters" ("so monstrous" in 3d and 4th). The correction in the text is due to D. "Since," "sin," and "for" are other readings.

Lordship. "Conjugal right and duty" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 127, note on 81.

154. *And that.* And *sith* that. Gr. 285 (cf. 287).

162. *Both shall cease.* That is, both my life and honour will perish.

176. *Fond.* Foolish, silly; as very often. See *M. of V.* p. 152, or *M. N. D.* p. 163. The Camb. ed. misprints "this a fond."

179. *For to.* Not uncommon in the Elizabethan writers. See Gr. 152.

180. *To friend.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 143: "I know that we shall have him well to friend." See also *Mach.* p. 238. Gr. 189.

186. *Gamester.* Harlot; as in *Per.* iv. 6. 81. On *commoner* below, which has the same meaning, cf. *Oth.* p. 200.

190. *Validity.* Value; as in *T. N.* i. 1. 12, *R. and J.* iii. 3. 33, etc.

193. *It.* The folios have "hit;" corrected by Capell. D., Coll., K.,

and some other editors prefer Pope's "his." So far as the sense is concerned, there is small choice between the two; but "hit" is the old form of *it*, and is found elsewhere in the early eds. W. considers that it "has even some claim to be retained in the text." Malone conjectured "is hit" for '*t is it*, and Henley "'t is fit."

194. *Of.* By. Gr. 170.

196. *Owed.* Owned. See on ii. 1. 9 above, and cf. 292 below.

203. *Quoted.* Noted, set down. See *K. John*, p. 167.

204. For *tax'd*, cf. 121 and i. 1. 61 above; and for *debosh'd*, ii. 3. 137.

209. *Boarded.* Addressed, wooed. See *Much Ado*, p. 130, or *Ham.* p. 204.

211. *Madding.* S. does not use *madden.* Cf. *Lear*, p. 236.

212. *Fancy's.* Love's. Cf. i. 1. 91 and ii. 3. 165 above.

214. *Infinite cunning.* The happy emendation of Walker for the "insuite comming" of the 1st folio, which is followed with slight changes in spelling by the other folios. Hanmer has "in suit coming."

Modern=ordinary, commonplace. See on ii. 3. 2 above. Johnson was in doubt whether it here means "fashionable" or "meanly pretty." Mr. W. W. Williams conjectures "modest" for *modern*, and D. is inclined to favour that reading.

215. *Subdued me to her rate.* Brought me to her price.

219. *Diet.* If this be what S. wrote, it may be=do scant justice; the metaphor being taken from the restricted diet of a sick person. Malone explained the passage: "may justly loathe or be weary of me, as people generally are of a regimen or prescribed and scanty diet." Collins and Steevens are perhaps right in making *diet me*=deny me the rights of a wife. Cf. iv. 3. 28 above.

230. *Shrewdly.* Vilely. See on iii. 5. 65, 86 above. S. uses *boggle* nowhere else, but we find *boggler* in *A. and C.* iii. 13. 110.

234. *On your just proceeding.* That is, if you tell the truth.

235. *By him.* Of him. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 150: "I would not have him know so much by me," etc. Gr. 145.

247. *Companion.* Fellow; contemptuous, as often. See *Temp.* p. 131 (note on *Your fellow*), or *M. N. D.* p. 125.

250. *Naughty.* Good-for-nothing. See *M. of V.* p. 152.

261. *Derive me ill will.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 32: "that had to him deriv'd your anger," etc.

263. *Thou hast spoken*, etc. As the king elsewhere speaks in verse, Coll. arranges this prose as three lines (ending with *canst*, *fine*, and *aside*), but they are very lame ones.

264. *Too fine.* Too full of *finesse*, too artful; like the French *trop fine* (Malone).

282. *Customer.* Harlot. See *Oth.* p. 197.

283. *By Jove*, etc. Perhaps, as Walker suggests, addressed to Lafeu. Cf. 289 below, where most editors insert the stage-direction "*Pointing to Lafeu.*"

292. *Owes.* See on 196 above.

293. *Surety.* For the verb, cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 178: "We 'll surety him."

295. *Quit.* Acquit. See *A. Y. L.* p. 169.

298. *Quick.* Living. See *Hen. V.* p. 156, or *Ham.* p. 262.

299. *Exorcist.* One who *raises* spirits; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 323, the only other instance of the word in S. Cf. *exorciser* in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 276, and *exorcism* in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 5.

307. *When from my finger.* This does not agree with the wording of the letter in iii. 2. 52 fol. As has been noted in other plays, S. is often careless in these little matters. See *M. N. D.* p. 122, *T. N.* p. 126 (note on *Three days*), *T. of S.* p. 128 (note on *This seven*), etc. Here, as Clarke suggests, the variation may be intentional: "Helena quotes from her husband's letter; but, although we feel sure that she knows its every cruel sentence by heart, yet the very inaccuracy of the cited words serves to indicate the quivering of the lip that repeats them, and the shaking of the hand that holds out the paper containing them."

308. *Are.* The folios have "is;" corrected by Rowe.

315. *Onions.* See *T. of S.* p. 128, note on *An onion.*

316. *Handkercher.* The spelling in the early eds., as often. See *A. Y. L.* p. 190, or *K. John*, p. 163.

318. *Let thy courtesies alone.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 21: "Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur." See also *Much Ado*, p. 159, note on *Courtesies.*

320. *Even.* "Full" (Schmidt). Cf. ii. 1. 191 above. It may be=plain, freed from difficulties.

325. *More and less.* The reading of the folio; ascribed by the Camb. ed. (which has "or" for *and*) to Theo.

326. *Resolvedly.* Satisfactorily, all doubts and perplexities being *resolved* or removed. Cf. the verb in *Temp.* v. 1. 248:

> "at pick'd leisure,
> Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you,
> Which to you shall seem probable, of every
> These happen'd accidents."

329. *The king 's a beggar*, etc. Alluding to the old story of "The King and the Beggar," which was the subject of a ballad (to be found in Percy's *Reliques*) and appears also to have been dramatized. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 80:

> "Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
> And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King.*"

The ballad is referred to in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 114: "Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?" See also *Id.* iv. 1. 66, 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 106, and *R. and J.* ii. 1. 14.

Some editors follow Rowe in making the last six lines of the play an "Epilogue." In the folio they are separated from the preceding part of the speech and printed in italics. Capell and others insert the stage-direction "*Advancing.*"

333. *Ours be your patience*, etc. "Grant us your patient hearing, and accept our zealous efforts; lend us your hands in applause, and take our hearty thanks" (Clarke). Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 444: "Give me your hands;" and *Temp.* epil. 10:

> "But release me from my bands
> With the help of your good hands."

ADDENDA.

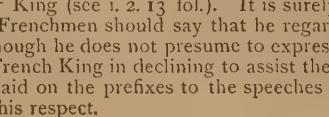
THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel, in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 171), as follows:

"Time of the Play, eleven days represented on the stage, with intervals.

"Day 1. Act I. sc. i.
Interval. Bertram's journey to Court.
" 2. Act I. sc. ii. and iii.
Interval. Helena's journey to Court.
" 3. Act II. sc. i. and ii.
Interval—two days. Cure of the King's malady.
" 4. Act II. sc. iii. iv. and v.
Interval. Helena's return to Rousillon. Bertram's journey to Florence.
" 5. Act III. sc. i. and ii.
" 6. Act III. sc. iii. and iv.
Interval—"some two months."
" 7. Act III. sc. v.
" 8. Act III. sc. vi. and vii.; Act IV. sc. i. ii. and iii.
" 9. Act IV. sc. iv.
Interval. Bertram's return to Rousillon. Helena's return to Marseilles.
" 10. Act IV. sc. v.; Act V. sc. i.
" 11. Act V. sc. ii. and iii.

"Total time, about three months."

Holy seems the quarrel, etc. (iii. 1. 4).—In the folio this speech is assigned to "1. *Lord*," but the 3d and 5th speeches are headed respectively "*French E.*" and "*Fren. G.*" Collier, followed by White (preface to "Riverside" ed. p. xxiii.), assumes that the "1 *Lord*" is a Florentine, and that the others are two French envoys. Neither of these latter, it is said, would declare to the Duke that his quarrel seemed holy. White adds: "Indeed, one of them immediately says that *he* has no right to express any such opinion." But D. is probably right in taking these Frenchmen to belong to the number who had joined the Florentines by permission of their King (see i. 2. 13 fol.). It is surely nothing strange that one of these Frenchmen should say that he regards the Florentine cause as "holy," though he does not presume to express an opinion as to the course of the French King in declining to assist the Duke in the war. No stress can be laid on the prefixes to the speeches in the folio, which is often wrong in this respect.



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"Great Mars, I put myself into thy file" (iii. 3. 9).

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